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JOHN A. COOPER, EDITOR.

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CONTENTS OF VOL. VIII.

NOVEMBER, 1896, TO APRIL, 1897, INCLUSIVE.

FRONTISPIECES.

| | PAGE |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| SOLDIERS' MONUMENT, TORONTO..... | From a Photo..... 2 |
| THE BABY'S FIRST CHRISTMAS..... | From a Painting..... 100 |
| CHRISTMAS MORNING IN BETHLEHEM..... | From a Painting..... 178 |
| LEARNING TO READ..... | From a Painting..... 288 |
| A CANADIAN MOOSE..... | Drawn by Laughlin..... 378 |
| NANSEN..... | Drawn by F. H. Bridgen..... 468 |

ARTICLES.

| | |
|---|---|
| ART, DECORATIVE..... | Rev. Professor Huntingford..... 390 |
| ARTISTIC COUNTRY ROADS..... | Illustrated..... A. W. Campbell, C.E. 214 |
| AUTHORITY, DOES MISTRUST GIVE WEIGHT TO..... | Count De Fronsac..... 337 |
| BANQUET, THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE..... | Illustrated..... 463 |
| BRITISH AMERICA'S GOLDEN GATEWAY TO THE ORIENT..... | Hon. C. H. Mackintosh..... 305 |
| BRITISH COLUMBIA, MINING DEVELOPMENT OF..... | Clive Philipps-Wolley..... 299 |
| BRITISH COLUMBIA, MOUNTAIN PICNIC IN..... | Herbert H. Gowen..... 513 |
| CABOT CELEBRATION, THE..... | Joseph Pope..... 158 |
| CABOT AND OTHER WESTERN EXPLORERS..... | Illustrated..... Hon. C. H. Mackintosh..... 150 |
| CAMP SKETCHES..... | Illustrated..... David Owen Lewis..... 199 |
| CANAAN MOOSE HUNT..... | Illustrated..... W. C. Gaynor..... 399 |
| CANADA, THROUGH THE SUB-ARCTICS OF..... | Illustrated..... J. W. Tyrrell..... 35 |
| CANADA AND THE VENEZUELAN SETTLEMENT..... | George Tate Blackstock..... 170 |
| CANADA AND THE VENEZUELAN SETTLEMENT—A REPLY..... | John Charlton, M.P. 258 |
| CANADA, FIRST PARTY, SIR JOHN SCHULTZ AND THE..... | Illustrated..... Lt.-Col. Geo. T. Denison..... 16 |
| CANADA AND THE EMPIRE..... | Principal Grant..... 73 |
| CANADIAN POETRY..... | Gordon Waldron..... 101 |
| CANADIAN POETRY—A WORD IN VINDICATION..... | A. B. De Mille..... 433 |
| CANADIANS ABROAD..... | F. Clement Brown, M.A. 253 |
| COAL, ELECTRICITY DIRECT FROM..... | Geo. S. Hodgins..... 262 |
| CONTEMPORARIES IN FICTION..... | David Christie Murray..... 243, 332, 411, 475 |
| COUNTRY ROADS, ARTISTIC..... | Illustrated..... A. W. Campbell, C.E. 214 |
| CANADIAN MAGAZINE BANQUET..... | Illustrated..... 463 |
| DEMOCRACY, IS THERE A LIMIT TO..... | James Harris Vickery..... 341 |
| ECONOMIST, JOHN RUSKIN AS A POLITICAL..... | W. J. Lhamon..... 45 |
| ELECTRICITY DIRECT FROM COAL..... | Geo. S. Hodgins..... 262 |
| EXPLORERS, CABOT AND OTHER WESTERN..... | Illustrated..... Hon. C. H. Mackintosh..... 305 |
| FORESTRY—A NEGLECTED INDUSTRY..... | Phillips Thompson..... 24 |
| FOREST LIFE, TRAGIC INCIDENTS IN..... | E. Stewart..... 68 |
| FORT MCLEOD, REMINISCENCES OF..... | Illustrated..... Bertie W. Antrobus..... 3 |
| FUNCTIONS OF A GOVERNOR-GENERAL..... | W. A. Weir, B.C.L. 299 |
| GOLD IS KING..... | Illustrated..... Wm. Hamilton Merritt..... 319 |
| GOVERNOR-GENERAL, FUNCTIONS OF A..... | W. A. Weir, B.C.L. 260 |
| HABIT, ITS NATURE AND SUBSTANCE..... | Schuyler Emerson Day..... 430 |
| INDEPENDENCE AND PARTY GOVERNMENT..... | William Trant..... 442 |
| INDIAN PLAGUE, THE..... | John Ferguson, M.D. 525 |
| IS THERE A LIMIT TO DEMOCRACY?..... | James Harris Vickery..... 342 |
| JUDICIAL COMMITTEE..... | Richard J. Wicksteed..... 273 |
| LAVAL UNIVERSITY..... | Illustrated..... A. D. De Celles..... 207 |
| LONDON'S TEAGIC TOWER..... | William Harrison..... 443 |

CONTENTS

123158

1 MAR 1905

iii

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| MANITOBA, THE UNIVERSITY OF..... | 282 |
| MCLACHLAN, ALEXANDER..... | 520 |
| MILITIA MEDICAL SERVICE..... | 527 |
| MISTRUST, DOES IT GIVE WEIGHT TO AUTHORITY..... | 337 |
| MOOSE HUNT..... | 399 |
| MOUNTAIN PICNIC IN BRITISH COLUMBIA..... | 513 |
| NANSEN..... | 493 |
| NEGLECTED INDUSTRY, FORESTRY..... | 24 |
| NEWFOUNDLAND, EARLY HISTORY OF..... | 406 |
| NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICEMAN..... | 10 |
| ONTARIO'S WEAKNESS..... | 265 |
| PARTY GOVERNMENT AND INDEPENDENCE..... | 442 |
| PREMIERS OF QUEBEC SINCE 1867..... | 289 |
| PRIESTESS OF LIBERTY AND HER MESSAGE, A..... | 176 |
| POLICEMAN, NORTH-WEST MOUNTED..... | 10 |
| QUEBEC, PREMIERS OF SINCE 1867..... | 289 |
| RECIPROCITY TRIPS TO WASHINGTON..... | 423 |
| REMINISCENCES OF FORT MCLEOD..... | 3 |
| RUSKIN, JOHN, AS A POLITICAL ECONOMIST..... | 45 |
| SCHULTZ, SIR JOHN AND CANADA FIRST PARTY..... | 16 |
| SOCIAL AMELIORATION AND THE UNIVERSITY SETTLEMENT..... | 469 |
| SUB-ARCTICS OF CANADA, THROUGH THE..... | 35 |
| SUNDAY REST A CIVIL RIGHT..... | 165 |
| TARIFF, WHAT SHALL IT BE?..... | 379 |
| TENNYSON'S "CROSSING THE BAR"..... | 420 |
| UNIVERSITY, LAVAL..... | 207 |
| UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA..... | 382 |
| VAN HORNE, SIR WILLIAM C..... | 327 |
| VENEZUELAN SETTLEMENT AND CANADA..... | 170 |
| VENEZUELAN SETTLEMENT AND CANADA—A REPLY..... | 253 |
| VICTORIA DAY..... | 541 |
| WASHINGTON, RECIPROCITY TRIPS TO..... | 423 |
| WOMAN, THE MILLIONTH..... | 537 |

EDITORIAL.

| | | |
|-----------------------|------------------------|-----|
| CURRENT THOUGHTS..... | 89, 186, 277, 363, 447 | 542 |
|-----------------------|------------------------|-----|

LITERATURE AND BOOKS.

| | | |
|--|-------------------------|--------------------|
| BATES' "TALKS ON WRITING ENGLISH" REVIEWED..... | John A. Cooper | 80 |
| BOOKS AND AUTHORS, GENERAL..... | 93, 191, 281, 376, 458, | 549 |
| KIPLING'S "SEVEN SEAS" REVIEWED..... | J. O. Miller | 456 |
| KIRBY'S "ANNALS OF NIAGARA" REVIEWED..... | John A. Cooper | 394 |
| MRS. BROWNING'S MESSAGE OF LIBERTY..... | Stambury R. Tarr | 176 |
| MRS. WARD'S "SIR GEORGE TRESSADY" REVIEWED..... | John A. Cooper | 179 |
| MY CONTEMPORARIES IN FICTION..... | David Christie Murray | 245, 332, 411, 475 |
| ROBERTS' "THE BOOK OF THE NATIVE" REVIEWED..... | T. G. Marquis | 452 |
| SHERMAN'S "MATINS" REVIEWED..... | Prof. John Davidson | 372 |
| TENNYSON'S "CROSSING THE BAR"..... | Prof. William Clark | 420 |
| THE DAYS OF THE CANADA COMPANY REVIEWED..... | Prof. William Clark | 181 |
| VICTOR COFFIN'S BOOK ON THE QUEBEC ACT REVIEWED..... | J. G. Bourinot | 368 |
| WEIR'S "OLD REGIME IN CANADA" REVIEWED..... | Arthur G. Doughty | 370 |

FICTION.

| | | |
|---------------------------------------|-------------------------|-----|
| BANKRUPT'S EASTER SUNDAY, THE..... | Ella S. Atkinson | 499 |
| BREAKING OUT OF SALLY DAGGS, THE..... | Kathleen F. M. Sullivan | 400 |
| CIVIL WAR, A..... | John McCrae | 109 |

| | PAGE |
|-------------------------------------|---|
| DREADNAUGHT..... | C. F. 530 |
| FAITHFUL..... | Illustrated..... E. Dowseley 356 |
| GAME OF CHESS, A..... | Florence Trenholme 185 |
| GUEST OF GAMACHE, THE..... | Illustrated..... J. Macdonald Oxley 415 |
| HOME AGAIN, 40 TO 1..... | S. J. Robertson 87 |
| HUNGER OF THE HEART..... | Marry Marstyn 353 |
| JACK..... | Illustrated..... G. L. Drew 349 |
| JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO..... | Illustrated..... Jetna 116 |
| KATE CARNEGIE..... | Illustrated..... Ian MacLaren. 55, 136, 232 |
| KING BABY..... | E. Laetitia Phillimore 275 |
| LE TREIZIÈME..... | Illustrated..... Richard Gornalle 597 |
| LONGMORE'S REWARD..... | Marry Marstyn 502 |
| MISUNDERSTANDING, A SLIGHT..... | Illustrated..... Isabelle E. Mackay 231 |
| NIAGARA'S BANKS, BY..... | Illustrated..... John W. Dufoe 493 |
| NUCLEUS OF A SALON..... | Katharine L. Johnson 30 |
| OUR ABBÉ..... | Hunter Duvar 82 |
| RECONCILED..... | Illustrated..... Thomas Swift 224 |
| STYGIAN COMEDY, A..... | Kathleen F. M. Sullivan 134 |
| POETRY. | |
| ACADIAN WINTER NIGHT..... | John T. Bryan 348 |
| A DEAD FRIEND..... | Reginald Gourlay 29 |
| ALLOYS..... | Mary Markwell 506 |
| A SPOT..... | W. E. Tupper 410 |
| AT NIGHTFALL..... | Illustrated..... Frederick George Scott 132 |
| AUTUMN'S CLOSE..... | Bradford K. Daniels 88 |
| BEYOND THE HILLS..... | C. W. Vernon 244 |
| BURNS..... | John Stuart Thomson 336 |
| CHRISTMASTIDE..... | Charles Gordon Rogers 157 |
| EASTER SONG..... | John T. Bryan 536 |
| EVENING..... | Illustrated..... C. Pryme 326 |
| GLOOSCAP..... | Theodore H. Rand 340 |
| HALIFAX..... | Constance Fairbanks 223 |
| HOPE, THE CONQUEROR..... | Lizzie E. Dyas 304 |
| HOUSE OF FAME, THE..... | Francis Sherman 178 |
| LAND O' DREAMS..... | Laura Harris 355 |
| LIFE..... | Bradford K. Daniels 491 |
| LONGFELLOW..... | Jean Blewett 131 |
| MILADY..... | John Stuart Thomson 164 |
| NIL DESPERANDUM..... | Samuel Maber 432 |
| OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN..... | Jean Blewett 325 |
| PRAYER, A..... | Charles Gordon Rogers 512 |
| REUNION..... | A. P. McKishnie 414 |
| TAM MILLER..... | Malcolm McKenzie 34 |
| THE FOUNDERS..... | W. D. Lighthall 108 |
| THE PICTURE..... | A. B. DeMille 451 |
| THE WILD, UNUTTERABLE DESIRE..... | W. T. James 78 |
| THE WEIRDS..... | Theodore Roberts 54 |
| TO A ROCKY MOUNTAIN STREAM..... | Frcd. J. Wilson 474 |
| TO MY GUARDIAN SPIRIT..... | Reuben Butchart 274 |
| TOWARD THE WEST..... | A. P. McKishnie 405 |
| TWO LIVAS..... | Lizzie E. Dyas 318 |
| WALTZ-PLAYER, THE..... | Marry Marstyn 451 |
| WHEN I AM DEAD..... | Helen Thompson 261 |
| WHEN THE GOLDEN BOWL BE BROKEN..... | Arther J. Strianer 159 |
| WHY?..... | Isabelle E. Mackay 231 |

3
9
2
4
4
3
8
9
6
0
2
8
4
6
7
6
6
0
3
4
8
5
1
1
4
2
5
2
4
4
4
8
61
8
64
74
74
05
18
51
61
59
31



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No. 1.

REMINISCENCES OF FORT MACLEOD IN 1885.

BERTIE W. ANTROBUS.

"HALT! Who goes there?"
"Friend!"

"Pass, friend; all's well," came in shrill, ringing sounds directly under my window, at intervals, all through the long night—or nights, I should say, for that was an awful time of suspense, that spring of 1885, when the Indians in the North-West were up in arms and ready to swoop down upon the Whites at any moment; and we, at Fort Macleod, were two hundred miles from the nearest railway station, and there was no telegraph.

It is true there were couriers stationed at intervals of twelve miles all along the route, but in spite thereof the rebels somehow succeeded in getting news sooner than we, and it was well known they were only waiting the turn of events to make an attack. If things had gone differently that day at Batoche, it would have been a sorry time for us, for the Redskins were better armed than ourselves, and their red cousins on the other side of the boundary line were ready to join them at a moment's notice.

Bastions were added to the stockade, the big guns, that were always bright and shining, had an extra rubbing up, and every possible measure for defence taken, for Major Cotton and my husband were determined not to be caught napping or taken by surprise. Provisions were secured and stored in the Fort, twenty horses kept saddled night and day—not that anyone intended to attempt escape, for there were no cowards—but for emergencies and the use of couriers. There were a number of children to be considered, too, and after a deal of discussion it was decided to send them with their mothers to a place of safety.

Will we ever forget the day when the big, red, four-horse mail coach and two large waggon-loads of women and children left for Calgary to take the train east? It was a sad-looking little band, with an escort of well-armed Mounted Policemen on either side—women trying to smile and be brave, yet with eyes red from weeping at the thought of leaving their husbands—not knowing but it was



THE NORTHWEST MEDAL.

for the last time. And when they were all gone, it seemed very desolate to feel I was the only woman in the Fort. My husband had done his best to persuade me to go; but I had no encumbrances like the others, no young life to think of before my own, and I thought I might be of use.

A few days after the women left, orders came for a detachment of Police to proceed to the front under command of Inspector Perry, and to take with them one of the big "nine pounders." Two companies of Rifles were sent to replace them, "Black Soldiers" the Indians called them, not having as much respect for the dark uniform as for the "red coat." They used to say "Little boy better go home to his mother; he no can ride, and his feet too big to run"—so much for government boots! But if the "Black Soldiers" could not run, the boots did not prevent their fighting,

and when there were no Indians handy they did not hesitate to practise fisticuffs, at least, on one another, or even on one of their own officers when oc-



OBVERSE OF NORTHWEST MEDAL.



MOOSOMIN.

casian seemed to demand. Then besides the Police and the gallant 9th, we also had as defenders the "Rocky Mountain Rangers," with Captain Jack Stuart at their head; and how these fellows longed for a scrimmage with a real live Indian instead of a clump of furze. When, after some good scouting work over the prairie, "Captain Jack" telegraphed their exploits to Ottawa—thinking, of course, they would immediately be sent to the scene of action, the reply came, "You done well! keep on,"—it was somewhat damping to their pride and ardour. But if disappointing to "The Rangers," that telegram was "nuts" to the Police, with whom it is a slang expression to this day, for when one of "the boys" is tempted to blow a bit, he is invariably greeted



INDIAN GRAVE (AERIAL).

with "You done well; keep on," which is the key-note to any amount of chaff that is apt to cool bubbling, misplaced enthusiasm.

And then came news from the north of the awful massacre at Frog Lake; of the dear friends whom we had so lately left besieged at Battleford; how our old friend, Captain Dickens (son of the author), "Little Charlie" as he was familiarly styled by his brother officers, was shut up at Fort Pitt with a handful of men, and cut off in every way from assistance; and how our gallant old Colonel and his brave little band were shut up in Prince Albert—"Gophers in their holes" the newspapers dubbed them, but we knew better, and that they were merely obeying orders like good soldiers. Then there was the terrible fight at Duck Lake, where so many were killed and wounded. Then followed the burning of old Fort Carlton.

How little we thought when, only a short time before, traversing this quiet, peaceful-looking northern district, that it would speedily be the scene of terrible bloodshed. And after our long,

tiring drive in the rain and sleet, when the ferryman—Louis Riel's lieutenant-governor, Fisher by name—refused to cross us at the South Branch of the Saskatchewan, how thankful we were to turn back to the comfortable house of old Batoche for

the night—the house that held so prominent a place in the history of this rebellion.* Here, after laying aside our soaking garments, we passed upstairs, and landed in a long, wide hall, with bedrooms opening off which, after having slept on the hard ground so



CROWFOOT.

*I may here remark that it was in this house that Capt. French was shot. Dashing into the building, reckless of life, in quest of Riel's prisoners, he received a bullet in his breast while passing a window. His last words were: "Don't forget, boys, that I led you here!" Close behind him was Colonel Williams, who, in company with others, entered a neighboring building, wrenched open a trap door and released the white captives.



REDRAWN FROM AN ENGRAVING.

A MOUNTED POLICE OFFICER.

many nights, with their feather beds and piles of soft Hudson Bay blankets, looked the very personification of rest and comfort. Off this hall was the large drawing-room, with its upright horsehair chairs and sofas placed stiffly at respectful distances against the wall, with a gaily painted and suggestive-looking spittoon in front of each. Then there was the centre table, with its gay, bright covering, and big glass water pitcher and goblets—for ornament only; the lace curtains stretched to their full length and breadth, lined with turkey-red cotton to show off the pattern. But to tired

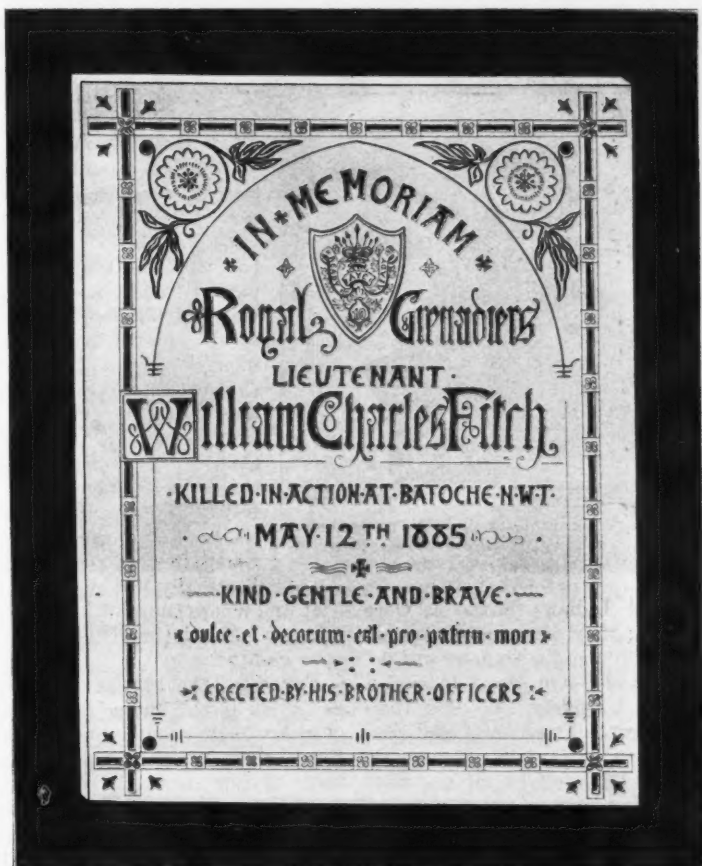
travellers, all this display lost its vulgarity, and appeared bright and cheerful. Old Batoche personally did the honours, and while we were awaiting supper, proudly exhibited the contents of a large cupboard at the end of the room. First of all a bandbox carefully lifted down disclosed within a lovely sealskin cap, a purchase from "the Hudson's Bay Store"; then came a case with a huge meerschaum pipe, presented by "The Company"; and last, but not least, two beautiful China dinner sets, for which he had paid, he with much dignity informed us, \$90 and \$150, respectively. Both were brought into use in my honour, one for supper and the other for breakfast, though it is perhaps needless to add all the dishes were not required, since the meals were alike. They consisted chiefly of those two staple delicacies, boiled pork and potatoes in their jackets. I felt very much tempted to eat the latter half-breed fashion, on the wide blade of my knife, after fruitless endeavors to balance even the smallest portion on the end of a two-pronged fork. With what pride the old man showed us his treasures, little dreaming, I dare say, how short a time they were to be his, for instead of joining the other "breeds," he remained loyal and his place was looted while he was away trading for furs.

Loyalty was at a premium those days, hence I may speak of old "Moosomin," a Cree chief who went about with a

tattered Union Jack draped over his shoulders, to show that he and his had no sympathy with the followers of Louis Riel. And there was also "Crowfoot," the head chief of the Blackfeet, peacefully disposed, but who had hard work to keep his young braves in order. He often declared he could not answer for his followers after the first shot was fired. They were very busy making arrows all this time, and had sent their women and children to a distance, evidence that they were spoiling for a fight.

One day when alone in my quarters,

hearing a "How?" I looked up to see a young brave standing in the doorway. I happened to be wearing a dress with bright buttons, which latter took his eye, for putting both hands on my shoulders, he said, "Oh! Expesonia!" (lovely, beautiful), and by signs conveyed the information that he would like them cut off for his benefit. This I told him was impossible, but if he would wait on the doorstep I would get him some others, as I happened to have some of very gay character in my button box; and he was so pleased thereat he offered a dollar bill in



• THE FITCH TABLET, IN ST. JAMES CATHEDRAL, TORONTO.



FIGURE ON VOLUNTEERS MONUMENT IN QUEEN'S PARK, TORONTO; DESIGNED BY WALTER S. ALLWARD, SCULPTOR.

return. All Indians, however, were not so civil; they often used to come in with the demand "Nook-se-so-kit" (give me food). On one occasion I had quite a tea-party; no less than five chiefs, in full war paint and feathers, walked into my sitting-room and, seating themselves on the floor in a half-circle with rifles across knees as if they intended to stay, intimated refreshments would be agreeable, to which, when supplied, they did full justice. If my husband had not

come in and suggested they should go to the store and get a plug of tobacco all around, I fancy they would have remained until everything in the house was devoured.

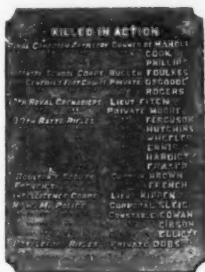
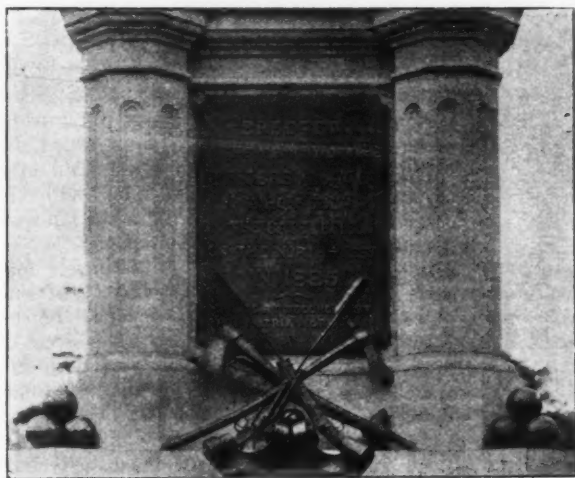
One of these warriors, "White Calf" by name, was covered with wounds which he delighted in showing, and describing how he had broken off the feathered ends and pushed the arrows through his body to remove them; indeed, he could have gotten rid of them in no other way, since if an attempt was made to withdraw them, the sharp, flat, iron point would instantly become detached and remain imbedded in the flesh. Their bows, too, were beautifully made, often being covered with rattlesnake skin as a sort of charm, and decorated with scalp locks. These were the weapons they were preparing, and possibly they were counting our scalp locks at the time, when came tidings of the battles of Fish Creek and Cut Knife, where so many brave men, who have since gone to rest, took part—Colonel William Herchmer, then Superintendent in the N.W.M. Police, afterwards Assistant Commissioner; Capt. Short, of B. Battery, who so heroically lost his life at Que-

bec; and where our well-known friend "Paddy" Bourk (bugler) was killed—poor Paddy!

Following the battles of Cut Knife and Fish Creek came news of that glorious charge and grand victory at Batoche, speedily followed by the return of our troops. What excitement there was the day they arrived, not only in barracks, but throughout all the country round! Every one turned out to meet and escort them in, every available old "cayuse" was in requi-

sition, and even a dog belonging to one of the absent ones was dressed in full regimentals and rode out on the gun carriage to meet his master. And what a noise that old gun did make when it reached the top of the

was a great success. And the big dance we had in their honour,—and that supper!—even our dusky friends had some part in the latter. Will any one who attended that ball ever forget it? Even the very violins



TABLETS FROM VOLUNTEERS MONUMENT, TORONTO.

hill!—"the boys" could not load fast enough to satisfy their ardour. We had no band then, but everyone considered it a solemn duty to do his best in the way of making a noise, and this part of the celebration at least

themselves seemed to enter into the spirit of the affair. The sky had cleared, the storm was past, and white-winged peace brooded again over the fair North-West.

Bertie W. Antrobus.

THE NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICEMAN.

A Character Sketch.

BY AN EX-POLICEMAN.



OVER the wide prairies of that "Great North-West" of ours there rides a gallant, scarlet-clad horseman, omnipresent throughout the length and breadth of that vast territory. From the fertile fields of Manitoba to the towering peaks of the Rockies, and from the bleak, desolate plains of Montana to the far-off, lonely Slave Lake, his scarlet jacket is known, feared and honoured. He it is who upholds the majesty of law and order, and sways the sceptre of authority over a tract of semi-wilderness measured by tens of thousands of square miles. Within the limits of his jurisdiction mighty is his word and great is his power. He has made the strong arm of British justice a terror to evil-doers, a bulwark and a defence to the peaceable colonist. From the low doorway of his teepee, the Redman scowls askance at the scarlet-coated figure, but the herds of the Paleface graze unmolested. After one glimpse of the blue and yellow forage cap, the typical western desperado, the "Bad Man," fresh from lording it over those who frequent the saloons and gambling-hells of the Western States, degenerates (?) into a quiet, peaceful, inoffensive personage.

This scarlet-clad horseman is the North-West Mounted Policeman of Canada, and of his brilliant record, of his gallantry and of his efficiency, all

Canadians should be proud. On the margin of every page in the history of the civilization of the North-West, his figure is indelibly stamped, and though he follow the vanishing Indian down the fast dimming trail of the buffalo, yet will his name and his fame ever be remembered in the land which he has helped to civilize.

He presents himself for our observation in a variety of guises. On a warm summer day he may be met strolling down the street of some rising railroad town, or found seated at the dining table of some first-class hotel, as a natty cavalry man. From the button of his forage cap to his brilliantly burnished spurs, he is as spick and span as any dandy trooper in the Imperial service; and looks exactly what he is, a smart, active soldier. On the contrary, while doing





MOUNTED PARADE, N. W. M. POLICE, REGINA.

special duty far removed from civilization, he looks exactly what he is not, a border ruffian. Clad in sombrero, buckskin shirt, and "Shaps,"* with unshaven (alas! often dirty) face, he looks as tough as a broken-down cow-puncher. At the same time it must be admitted that he looks extremely business-like. He may be dirty, but his horse is not; he may not look fit to appear upon a full dress parade, but the condition of his accoutrements is above reproach. Again, when the gentle zephyrs of the North-West blow softly from the pole, he appears in a third character. Wrapped from head to foot in furs, and seated in his narrow "Flatsleigh,"† as he threads his way through the forests and muskegs of the far north, he appears more like an Eskimo than anything else. And he must needs be like an Eskimo in more than outward resemblance, in order to face, on those long dreary miles of patrol, the icy breath of the Arctic winter.

Though he appear in divers outward garbs and upon various duties, yet the inner man is essentially the same, a distinct, though broad type, and as a type easily considered. The elements constituting his nature are not so incongruous as might be supposed. It is true that he is a combination of "All sorts and conditions of men," men blown together by the "round-up" of the winds of heaven, but these do not differ from one another so much as might at first glance appear. The wanderer, the rolling-stone, the ne'er-do-well, and the prod-



DETACHMENT GUN SQUAD.

* Chapareros, or heavy riding overalls of horsehide or calfskin.

† A large toboggan, with low back and sides, drawn by dogs or horses.



DRAWN FROM LIFE BY HEMING.

MOUNTED POLICEMAN IN STREET DRESS.

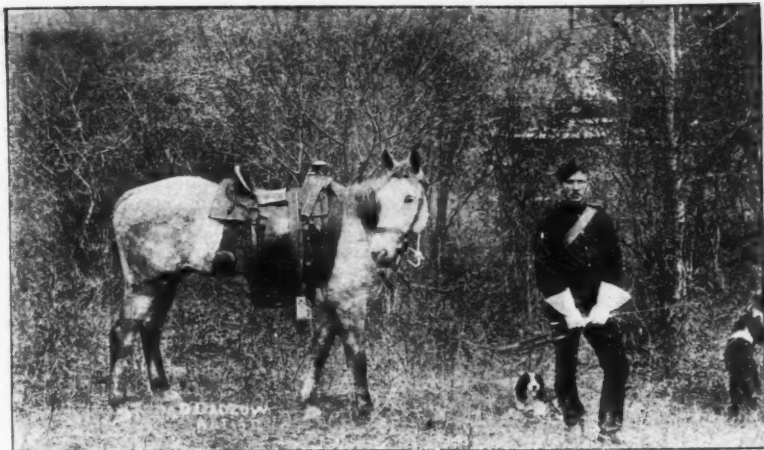
gal, who chiefly recruit the ranks of the force, are practically one and the same individual, and any minor differences of rank or station they may possess are soon effaced in the mill of discipline. Whatever has been the previous life of the recruit, whether clerk or aristocrat, student or farmer, he soon becomes but one of a class, and but one uniform among many. From the midst of a heterogeneous collection of humanity he rises as a distinct figure, and it is as a distinct figure

that he patrols the prairies as a North-West Policeman.

In his veins flows the hot, strong blood of the Anglo-Saxon, that fierce, restless current, which, ever surging impetuously onward, has encircled the globe from sunrise to sunrise. Some slight admixture of foreignement there is, a dash of the Teuton or the Gaul, but it is merely a drop in the flood and does not appreciably affect the intensely national character of the man. His is the deep thirst for excitement and adventure, the admiration for muscle and manliness, the generous scorn for all baseness and cowardice, that distinguishes England's sons all the world over. His is the reckless, dashing bravery, the cool, calculating courage, the calm, quiet endurance, that has conquered so many fields for our Motherland. With a heart that beats a maddened response to the clanging and clashing of steel, to the thunder

of galloping hoofs, or the sweet, clear notes of the trumpet singing of fame and glory and honour, small wonder that he holds a foremost and an honourable place among the people whose guardian he has become.

In the close pursuit of horse-thieves or other criminals, our friend is in his glory. Should he win the race, the prize will probably consist of an interchange of leaden courtesies, oft-times deeply felt and long remembered—but this prospect only adds to



ON PLEASURE BENT.

his enjoyment, only sinks the spurs deeper into his horse's flanks. He rather enjoys hearing the sharp whip-like report of carbine or revolver, and the vicious scream of a ricocheting bullet sends no chill to his heart. He calls it "living" to gallop along with tiny spats of dust rising from the prairie around him, and the zipping as of insects in his ears. He considers it "an experience" to have a bullet through his body, and fondly imagines that it enlarges his views of life. And death—what cares he for death as he rushes along through the fragrant prairie breezes, swaying responsive in the saddle to every motion of his horse, and each nerve tingling with excitement as his quarry comes into view on the crest of a rise ahead! What cares he that the Rider of the White Horse follows close upon his trail, while yet the intoxicating joy of the headlong chase fills his breast!

If there is no chance of a stray bullet or two flying about, he is not averse to an encounter with a prairie fire; nor will he murmur at a miners' strike or even a bar-room row. All are pies in which he delights to have a finger; and when these and other

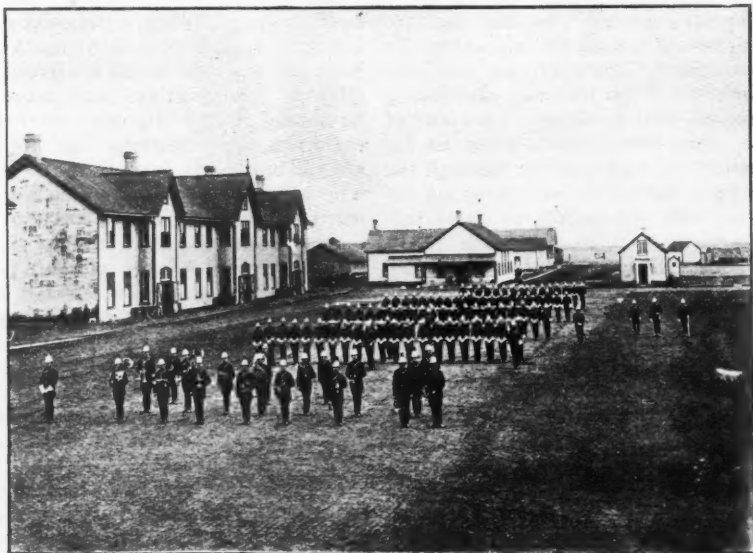
duties fail, he falls back upon field-sports and athletics. He dearly loves a horse, a dog, or a gun, and is ever ready for anything that will keep his muscles active and his mind free from *ennui*, anything in the shape of fun or excitement. In this, as in many other ways, he is nothing but an overgrown schoolboy, a schoolboy in his love of fun and amusement, in his light-heartedness and his irresponsibility. The troubles and cares of humanity weigh lightly upon his shoulders, the problems of life trouble not his brain. It is nothing to him whether the world be advancing or retrograding—he has his duty to do and he means to do it, at the same time extracting all the pleasure possible out of life. So when not engaged in sterner games, he rides and shoots, plays cricket and football, and enjoys himself mightily. Utterly wild and careless, he has absolutely no thought for the morrow, no care or anxiety for the future. Food and clothing are provided for him in abundance, and these, with a regular supply of pocket money, are quite sufficient, he thinks, to satisfy the heart of man.

The amusements mentioned above

are, unfortunately, not his only ones; others he has that are not perhaps so innocent. Often, far too often, he embraces vice in the form of pleasure, confounding dissipation with amusement. He drinks more or less, gambles habitually, and his language at times is positively heart-rending. His faults cannot be denied, but many excuses may be made for them. There is no gentle hand of mother, sister or sweetheart to hold him in check by its soft restraint; no home ties to subdue his stormy passions by their sweet, refining influence. Living in the moral (or rather immoral) atmosphere of a barrack-room, separated from most of the culture and refinements of life, his temptations are peculiarly strong. Let him, therefore, be judged gently, for if he has many vices he has also many virtues. Brave, open-hearted and generous to a fault, intensely loyal to his friend and comrade, with a high sense of duty (as he sees it), and a stern resolution in executing it, he possesses most of the qualities that endear a man to his fellows. His

truly are the rougher and grosser vices, but his also are the rougher and sturdier virtues. He drinks, but he is no hypocrite; he swears, but he does not lie; he gambles, but he does not steal and call it politics or business or some gentler name.

His is a stern, hard life, a life that, in a very short time stamps itself clearly upon his individuality, not only of character but also of appearance. After a year or two in the force, his eye acquires a sternness eminently suited to drag the truth from the deceitful bosom of the Indian, but quite unsuited to the tender, veiled glances of a drawing-room. There is a ring of command in his voice that is not exactly "the smooth phrase of peace." His hand, once white and soft, becomes hard, brown and muscular, more fitted to grasp the butt of a pistol or the hilt of a sabre than to turn the leaves of a music book. His bronzed, weather-beaten face clearly tells the tale of many a hardship and privation, of many a difficulty and danger. Heat and cold, hunger and thirst, fatigue



A CHURCH PARADE AT REGINA.

and suffering, have stamped endurance resolution and self-reliance upon every feature.

If his life be rough and savage, it contains much of sweetness and beauty, and this fact our guardian of the peace fully realizes. Though he does not gush with sentiment or rhapsody, though he rarely turns to poetry in order to relieve his pent-up emotions,

stars, he learns somewhat of the greatness and wideness of the world and of human life. Seated beside the lonely camp-fire, and gazing musingly into its glowing embers, he realizes how free from care and sorrow and trouble his lot really is, in what pleasant places his lines are cast, and he silently thanks God that he lives not in the land of brick and mortar.



CAMPED ON THE PRAIRIES.

This scene shows the Police on herd duty or the guarding of the horses sent out to graze. On the left is the half-breed guide. Three of the men wear Shaps and Sombreros.

yet deep down in his heart he feels and appreciates the glory of the wilderness. Living day after day within the encircling arms of Nature, he learns to love her with no common love. Even in her wildest and most savage moods, his heart finds something strangely akin to hers. Riding by day through the fragrant prairie grasses, bivouacing by night beneath the silent

There, seated beside his fire, we must take leave of him. As the flames burn low he knocks the ashes from his pipe, and with a sigh of deep content rolls himself in his blankets and lies down to rest. Soon, lulled by the whispering voices of the prairie night, he sinks into the deep, dreamless slumber vouchsafed to Nature's children.

Harold Christie Thomson.

SIR JOHN SCHULTZ AND THE "CANADA FIRST" PARTY.

Recollections.

LT.-COL. GEORGE T. DENISON.

THE foundation of the Dominion in 1867 had a marked effect upon the imagination of the Canadians of that day. Before that time the scattered Provinces were comparatively small in territory and weak in population. The people felt that they were simply colonists and were somewhat provincial in their ideas. With Confederation came a marked change. It was felt that Canada had become a great country with immense resources, with entire control of local affairs; and the public mind looked forward to possibilities of future greatness that were limited only by the power of the imagination.

The young men, particularly, were affected in this way. It was only a few months after the first Dominion Day, in the early part of 1868, that chance brought together, in Ottawa, five young Canadians. They were: Robert Grant Haliburton, of Halifax, son of the celebrated author of "Sam Slick"; William A. Foster, of Toronto; Charles Mair, of Lanark, Ont.; Henry J. Morgan, of Ottawa; and the writer of these Recollections. We met repeatedly and spent our evenings together, the topic of conversation being almost always the future of Canada, her brilliant prospects, and the duty of her sons to study her interests and to do all in their power to advance her welfare. These discussions led to a pledge being taken that each in his way would do his utmost to encourage and foster a national spirit in our people, and that on all public questions we would put the country before political or any other considerations. From this pledge naturally came the motto "Canada First," which

was assumed when the ideas had spread and the movement began to exert an influence on public opinion.

The first idea was to endeavor to bring the Provinces more together by encouraging intercolonial trade, and Robert Haliburton delivered lectures through the country, urging this method of consolidating the Dominion.

The next object was to get in more Provinces, particularly the North-West Territories, the acquisition of which was then being discussed. Already there had been at work for several years in that quarter, the brilliant intellect, the unflagging energy and the devoted efforts of one of Canada's most loyal sons, Sir John Schultz. His boyhood had been passed around scenes made historic by Brock and Tecumseh, and His youthful imagination had been fired by the recital of their deeds of valor and daring, inspiring in him a deep and fervid love for his country, which increased with his years, and only passed away with his last breath. Up to the moment of his decease, he was arranging plans for the bettering of the condition of his less fortunate countrymen of the far north or Arctic circle. He was at the time of which I speak a young physician of great promise and large practice, but one who put country above all other considerations and was busy working in its interests. He saw clearly that the true destiny of both the Territories and the Dominion lay in their being united politically, and in communications being opened up between them. Seeing all this himself, he sought in every way to

awaken the people of the place to a knowledge of the possibilities which lay before them. His facile pen and eloquent, persuasive powers did good work to this end.

Charles Mair went to Fort Garry in the fall of 1868, and arrangements were made that he should write letters to the *Toronto Globe* describing the country and using the opportunity to encourage an emigration that would secure the territory to Canada. His letters were extensively copied, and brought before the minds of the Ontario people the immense heritage that lay open to them. The strong national spirit which breathed through these letters must have awakened the people of the older Provinces, and no doubt exercised a good effect when a year or so later a rebellion broke out, and there seemed a danger that intrigue or carelessness might for a long time delay the opening up of the newly-acquired territory.

In March, 1869, I first met Sir John Schultz. He was then quite a young man, under 30, of magnificent physique, with clear, blue eyes, golden hair with a dash of brown in it, an exceedingly erect carriage, a man who impressed one with the idea of strength of mind and will power. Mair had written to me about him, telling me that he had given Dr. Schultz a letter of introduction to me, and asking that I should introduce him into our little organization, and secure him as an associate. He spoke very strongly of Dr. Schultz's strong patriotic Canadianism, said that he was easily the foremost of the few Canadians in the Red River Settlement, and predicted (truthfully) that he would certainly be the foremost man in the North-West Territories after they were incorporated in the Dominion.

Soon after Dr. Schultz arrived from the West. I introduced him to Foster and Haliburton, and we had long conversations on the object we had in view. Dr. Schultz, already

full of the idea, entered into it enthusiastically, and agreed to work heartily with us. All who have watched and followed his career, know how nobly he took his part for Canada, and that he did more for her in the North-West than any other man. Now, when the work has been done, when the Canadian Pacific Railway has bound the Provinces together, and Confederation has been established for a generation, it is difficult to appreciate how different everything looked in 1869, when 600 miles of unbroken wilderness separated Fort William from Fort Garry, and when there was no communication with it or British Columbia, except by way of the States, and over immense tracts of unsettled country.

Dr. Schultz returned to Fort Garry, and on Dominion Day, 1869, he and Mair arranged for a celebration of the day by the few Canadians in the country. A large flag-pole was put up in front of the place occupied by Dr. Schultz on what is now Main street, Winnipeg, and a Union Jack with the word "Canada" across it in large letters, was hoisted by the Doctor.

In the autumn of that year the Hon. Wm. Macdougall was appointed to be the first Lieut.-Governor, and as is well known, his approach was a signal to the French half-breeds to rise in rebellion against his entry, and against the absorption of the Territory into the Dominion. Mr. Macdougall appointed the late Lt.-Col. J. Stoughton Dennis, as Deputy Lt.-Governor, and conservator of the peace, with power to raise the loyal portion of the community, and put down the rebellion. As soon as he arrived at Fort Garry, Col. Dennis put himself in communication with Schultz, Mair, Lynch and the other leading loyalists. Schultz at once saw the importance of Dennis' commission, and said that it gave the loyal men authority to act, and suggested storming the Fort that night. This was the proper and wise

course, and showed that he had the true soldierly instinct. Dennis refused to consent to this, but ordered the Canadians to organize and arm, while he himself went to the lower or "Stone Fort" to raise the inhabitants of that neighborhood. Time was lost until any opportunity of

ernment property, and being cut off from supplies and water were obliged to surrender to Riel. They were at once put in close confinement in Fort Garry, and kept in great misery for several months of a hard winter.

Schultz and Mair escaped about the same time, but went in opposite direc-



FROM A LATE PHOTO.

THE LATE SIR JOHN SCHULTZ.

doing anything was gone, and then Dennis started for the frontier, leaving an order for his followers to disperse to their homes.

In the meantime Schultz's little party were besieged in his house, where they had been defending Gov-

ernment property, and being cut off from supplies and water were obliged to surrender to Riel. They were at once put in close confinement in Fort Garry, and kept in great misery for several months of a hard winter. Schultz and Mair escaped about the same time, but went in opposite direc-

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effected, and an attack upon the Fort was threatened, when Riel agreed to release all his prisoners. This he did, and thereupon the loyal men disbanded and went to their homes. Mair immediately left for St. Paul, travelling over 400 miles of unsettled country on snowshoes. Schultz in the same manner making his way to

much detail, and it can be readily understood how anxiously the friends of Schultz watched the progress of affairs. So little was known in Ontario of what was going on, and it was so manifestly the interest of the Government to have as little said as possible, that not much interest seemed to be taken in the matter. Following



SIR JOHN SCHULTZ AT THE AGE OF 40.

Duluth, over 600 miles of almost unbroken prairie. After they left, Riel, who by basest treachery had re-arrested a number of loyalists, threatened to execute Col. Boulton, and did put to death Thomas Scott, one of the loyal Ontario men.

News came to Toronto of these proceedings very slowly and without

shortly after the news of Scott's execution, came the information that Schultz had reached Duluth, and that Mair had arrived at St. Paul. The "Canada First" Committee had been watching anxiously for news, and were consulting every day. It was decided that some public reception should be given to them on their arrival in Toronto.

By this time additions had been made to the little committee, which now included the late Richard Gra-hame; the late George R. Kingsmill, editor of the *Telegraph*; James D. Edgar, now speaker of the House of Commons; Joseph Macdougall, now County Judge; Dr. Canniff, Hugh Scott, Thomas Walmsley, and George M. Rae. A meeting was called in Foster's office, and a number of people invited to take part in arranging for some demonstration. A requisition was prepared, calling upon the Mayor to hold a public meeting, and a deputation waited on him and arranged that the loyal refugees should be the guests of the city at the Queen's Hotel, while in Toronto.

In the meantime, Foster had been writing vehement editorials for the *Telegraph*, and these had attracted great attention throughout the Province and were generally copied in the country press. They were written in a high key, and filled with Canadian patriotism. The death of Scott was referred to in burning words, the paper was put into mourning for him and the whole country was ablaze with indignation. The meeting to receive Schultz and his comrades was so large that no room could hold more than a fraction of the people present, and it had to be adjourned to the open air in front of the City Hall. It was one of the largest meetings ever held in the City of Toronto. Speeches were made by Schultz, Mair and Lynch, and the people of Ontario heard of the wrongs of the loyal men in the Red River Settlement. Dr. Schultz made an eloquent and most powerful appeal to the men of his native Province.

The following is a short extract from his speech as reported in the next day's paper:

"This assembly wished to hear something of the situation of affairs at Red River. Well he would give it in a few words, referring more particularly to the condition of affairs at Fort Garry. The situation at that Fort was simply this, that the Fenian flag floats from its flag-

staff. The rebels hold high revelry within its walls, and Canadians lay in dungeons within it. It was to tell the people of Canada this, that he had come over a long and tedious journey, and to ask them what they intended to do in the matter."

A resolution was carried urging the Government to take prompt action, and the following resolution, with reference to the proposed reception of the rebel emissaries who were on their way down to Ottawa, was passed with great enthusiasm:

"That this meeting expresses the strongest indignation at the cold-blooded murder of poor Scott, sympathizes deeply with his relatives and friends, and considers that it would be a gross injustice to the loyal inhabitants of Red River, humiliating to our national honor, and contrary to all British traditions, for our Government to receive, negotiate, or treat with the emissaries of those who have robbed, imprisoned and murdered loyal Canadians, whose only fault was zeal for British institutions, whose only crime was devotion to the Old Flag."

This meeting was followed by others in various places, and from that time no Government dared to have refused to send an expedition to put things right.

Our committee requested me to accompany Schultz and his friends to Ottawa to aid them in laying their case before the Government. At Cobourg, Belleville, and other places on our way to Ottawa, large crowds gathered at the stations, the municipal authorities taking the lead in welcoming back to their native Province these loyal men.

On arriving in Ottawa, the "Free Press" of that city gave an account of the refugees, and the following pen picture of Sir John Schultz, when he was a comparatively unknown man, is interesting:

"Dr. Schultz is a tall, athletic man over six feet high, with reddish hair and beard, both close cut, broad shoulders, deep chested, and straight as a dart. His clear eyes look you straight in the face with a quiet power that commands involuntary respect, and the repose and firm purpose developed by the features are the very picture of determination and unflinching courage."

At Ottawa a large public meeting, addressed by Dr. Schultz and others,

was held to welcome the fugitives. I discovered in an interview with Sir John Macdonald, that the French-Canadian influence in the Cabinet was all powerful, and that the Government intended to confer with the rebel delegates. These delegates consisted of Father Richot, one Scott and Judge Black, and had been sent down by Riel, at the request of the Government, as commissioners to arrange terms of settlement with the Government. Thomas Scott had been murdered by Riel's orders after the Government had made this request, and it was held by most Ontario men that after Scott's murder no parley should be held with them. Foster arranged for a warrant to be issued for the arrest of Richot and Scott as accessories to the murder of Thomas Scott. This warrant was proved and backed, Richot and Scott placed under arrest, and afterwards put under bail to appear. Finding that the Government fully intended to confer with them, Schultz, Lynch,

Mair and I had a conference, and as the result a formal protest against their reception was prepared and signed by Lynch on behalf of the loyal population, and sent to the Governor-General. This it was understood was cabled to the Imperial Government, and the consideration of it, as well as the arrest of Richot and Scott, delayed the matter for some days; but finally, Richot and Scott were received, while those representing the loyal element were not received but treated with

scant courtesy. Their cause, however, was taken up by the people of Ontario, with such warmth that finally an expedition was organized to restore order in the Red River Settlement.

Our committee at once set to work energetically to arouse popular feeling in favor of Colonel, now Lord, Wolseley for the command, and fortunately, favored by his great ability and the extraordinary hold he had gained upon the minds of the Canadian volunteers, the popular feeling responded vigorously to the call, and Lord Wolseley got the command.

The expedition set out in the end of May, and it was thought the difficulty would be over. The committee, however, were not altogether satisfied, and felt that some intrigue might yet interfere with our troops reaching Fort Garry. Sir John Macdonald fell ill and was laid up for weeks, leaving Sir George Cartier in charge of affairs. The progress of the expedition at first was very slow, the result, it was

thought, of want of energetic assistance on the part of the Canadian officials.

In the middle of July, I received a message from Schultz who was then at London, Ont., saying that he had received a private intimation that a plot was on foot to nullify the expedition, that the Governor-General and Lt.-Governor Archibald were to go to Red River, that an amnesty was to be given to the rebels, that Riel was to hand over the government to the Gov-



SIR JOHN SCHULTZ AT THE AGE OF 23.

ernor-General, who was to install Lt.-Governor Archibald, and that there then being no necessity for it, the expedition would be withdrawn. I immediately laid the information before the committee. They felt that nothing could be done until some sign of the proposed plan appeared publicly, but arrangements were made to counteract it if possible. Colonel Wolseley was written to, warning him of the danger and urging speed. Letters were written to the volunteer officers, warning them and urging steps to prevent the withdrawal.

Schultz had received this information from our comrade, Haliburton, who by accident had happened to call on Lord Lisgar at Niagara Falls, where the latter was having a holiday. They had a long conversation, and whether by accident, or carelessness, Lord Lisgar let slip enough to enable Haliburton to divine what was on foot. A few days later the design was intimated in a despatch to the *Toronto Leader*, the Government organ, which followed this up the following day with an editorial advocating the plan.

Our committee had already prepared a requisition for a public meeting signed by a large number of prominent citizens, and at once put it in use; a number of inflammatory placards were prepared and printed, and soon covered the walls. In the meantime, Dr. Lynch had been telegraphed for, and a protest against the amnesty being granted was prepared and presented to Lord Lisgar.

The public meeting in Toronto was most enthusiastic and unanimous. The following resolution was moved and carried, amid great applause and excitement:

"Resolved, in view of the proposed amnesty to Riel, and withdrawal of the expedition, this meeting declares: That the Dominion must and shall have the North-West Territory *in fact*, as well as in name, and if our Government, through weakness or treachery, can not or will not protect our citizens in it and recall our volunteers, it will then become the duty of the people of Ontario, to organize a scheme of armed emigra-

tion, in order that those Canadians who have been driven from their homes may be reinstated, and that with the many who desire to settle in new fields, they may have a sure guarantee against the repetition of such outrages as have disgraced our country in the past; that the majesty of the law may be vindicated against all criminals, no matter by whom instigated or by whom protected; and that we may never again see the flag of our ancestors trampled in the dust, or a foreign emblem flaunting itself in any part of our broad Dominion."

This prompt action and the strong public feeling everywhere shown, caused Sir George Cartier to pause, and encouraged Lord Lisgar to object to the proposed plan. The threat of organizing a scheme of armed emigration must have opened the eyes of them both, for a similar scheme had been successfully worked both in Texas and Kansas, and had been proven to be practicable. Sir George Cartier must have seen that an expedition under Government control would be better than an armed mob.

The early news we had received from Haliburton and Schultz had a most important influence upon the result. It was kept a profound secret, yet it enabled "the twelve apostles," as our committee were jocularly named among themselves, to carefully consider, and prepare to counteract, the intrigue. The result was that the very first mention of the design, aroused such a rapid and extraordinary outburst of public indignation, as must have surprised Sir George Cartier, who could not have known that any information had leaked out. But for the warning received, nothing could have been done until too late to have influenced the course of affairs. In all these events Schultz took a most active part, and it is easy to see that but for his action in the whole affair, the opening up of that most important portion of Canada might have been indefinitely postponed. We who now see the immense advantage to Canada of the early incorporation of all the western country, with its transcontinental railway, its great trade and future possibilities, must

feel that Canada owes a great deal to the loyal patriotic devotion to his native land, of the late Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba.

Had he not early prepared the minds of the English-speaking portion of the community to the great advantages to ensue to themselves as well as to the other portions of the Dominion, they might have been misled, as Riel sought to mislead them, into either joining his rebellious movement or—what would have been equally disastrous—to an apathetic indifference.

Schultz followed the expedition closely into Fort Garry, and at once took a foremost part in the inauguration of the new system of government. He was one of the first members of the House of Commons from Manitoba, and during all his subsequent career was the foremost figure in that Province. He served for a long time as a Senator and for many of his later years as Her Majesty's representative in the same town where in his youth he had passed months in prison for manfully upholding her cause.

During all his life he never forgot his connection with the old "Canada First" party, and always held true to its principles. He never lost an opportunity of encouraging a national spirit in the people. We constantly corresponded up to his death, and his letters all show how deeply the love of his native land was ingrained in his nature. Nothing could prevent him from taking a most active interest in everything that would tend to develop and advance the interests of Canada. For many years he was an invalid, his ill-health having been brought about by the injuries he received in making his escape from Fort Garry, by the privations he endured while incarcerated there, having no fire in his room with the thermometer at 40° and 50° below zero, and by his long snowshoe tramp while his injuries were still recent. He suffered intense-

ly, fighting and struggling against weakness and pain with a pluck and determination beyond description.

In the House of Commons, or in the Senate, he never lost an opportunity of furthering the progress of the new provinces, or of spreading information, of which he had a boundless store, as to their resources and capabilities. In all his speeches as Lieutenant-Governor, whether before Boards of Trade, or in addressing Public School demonstrations, his strong Canadian patriotism was the striking feature and has planted seed that will blossom and bear fruit in the sentiments of the people. Only the other day, when the Public Schools re-opened in Winnipeg, every flag that waved over them, save one, was the gift of Sir John Schultz and spoke eloquently, though silently, of his fostering care for the patriotism and welfare of the young. The numerous resolutions of sympathy and condolence sent by nearly all the public bodies of Manitoba to his bereaved widow, and the universal testimony of respect shown by all classes at the time of his death, show how highly he was respected, and how strongly his fellow countrymen appreciated his sturdy loyalty.

As one of the original members of the little "Canada First" Committee, I wish to bear testimony to the thorough, hearty, and loyal manner in which our comrade did his share of the work. To the day of his death, love for his native land was the predominant feeling. Canada owes a great deal to the memory of so true a son. As I have on another occasion suggested, the nation should erect a statue of him and place it on the main street in Winnipeg on the spot where, in 1869, he hoisted the Union Jack with the word "Canada" upon it; and it should depict him, in the full vigour of his early manhood, raising the flag which he always loved, guarded and honoured.

George T. Denison.

FORESTRY—A NEGLECTED INDUSTRY.

PHILLIPS THOMPSON, AUTHOR OF "THE POLITICS OF LABOR."

FOR the last twenty years "the development of Canadian industries" has occupied a foremost place among political questions. While differing widely as to methods, all parties are agreed as to the need of utilizing to best advantage our largely dormant resources and increasing the productive capacity of the nation. Controversy and discussion are directed rather towards the specific classes of industrial pursuits to be promoted and the measures to be employed than towards the underlying principle.

When the widespread popular interest aroused in the subject by its prominence in the political arena is considered, it is surprising that one of the most feasible, natural and promising opportunities for largely increasing the sum total of the national wealth and affording employment to the people should have been steadily overlooked. It is, however, only another illustration of the frequently noted tendency of mankind to neglect the things that lie at their feet, while fixing their attention upon the distant and the inaccessible. In a land of forests, forestry is a neglected, almost an unknown, industry,

"And very naturally so" most readers will be apt to exclaim. "It is precisely because Canada is a land of forests that forestry is superfluous." As well say that because a young man is the heir to a large fortune, a knowledge of the principles of finance and the practice of a judicious economy were therefore unnecessary to him. The cases are precisely parallel. Canada being naturally a forest-growing country and a country, moreover, a considerable area of which will grow nothing profitably but timber, is the

reason above all others why the principles of the science of forestry should be carefully studied and diligently applied to the maintenance, reproduction and economical management of our wooded tracts, whether in the possession of the Crown or in private hands. Hitherto the forest has been regarded simply as wealth to be realized, not as capital to be perpetually renewed; as a mine to be worked till exhausted instead of a farm to be maintained in undiminished fertility.

Those who have been in the habit of describing our timber supply as "inexhaustible" used no figure of speech. Rightly managed it is "inexhaustible"—managed as it is and has been the phrase becomes not merely metaphorical but untruthful, for the period of exhaustion for the more valuable varieties at least is not far remote. According to a report prepared in 1895 by Mr. George Johnson, Dominion Statistician, on the "Forest wealth of Canada," the first quality of pine has already disappeared. "We are within measurable distance," says Mr. Johnson, "of the time when with the exception of spruce as to wood, and of British Columbia as to Provinces, Canada shall cease to be a wood-exporting country." This means a good deal more than the loss of the large amount annually received from abroad for our timber shipments. When Canada ceases to export timber the price of lumber and every variety of forest product for home consumption and numerous manufacturing industries, the prosperity of which depends upon an abundant and cheap supply of wood as raw material, will have risen enormously.

That no great advance in price is as yet noticeable does not disprove Mr.

Johnson's conclusion. As Prof. William Somerville, of the Durham College of Science, England, aptly says in a recent paper. "When a spendthrift squanders an inherited fortune he is often, to all appearance, as prosperous on the eve of insolvency as when he embarked in his career of extravagance. Similarly, if it should happen that Sweden, Russia, Canada and the United States are recklessly squandering their timber capital, as is frequently maintained, their bankruptcy in wood may occur with a suddenness of which the Board of Trade returns need not necessarily have afforded the slightest indication."

The process of deforestation is likely to be greatly hastened in the near future by the still more rapid and reckless exhaustion of the timber supply of the United States. The warning note has been repeatedly sounded by Prof. B. E. Fernow of Washington, Chief of the United States Division of Forestry. In his report for 1893, he estimates that it would require fully the annual growth of 400,000,000 acres of fully-stocked forest to furnish the output of mill-timber now consumed. Adding the consumption of firewood, which is largely made up of sizeable timber, he concludes that three times that area is necessary to furnish by its annual increase the wood required. As in another publication the same author puts the total woodland area of the country at 500,000,000 acres, "neither in good condition nor well managed," the rapidity with which the augmenting demand is overtaking the diminishing supply is manifest. It is also sufficiently obvious that, as the nearest and most extensive source of supply to the American market, the forests of Canada will be more and more drawn upon to make up the deficiency.

The reproductive energies of Nature are so great that it is probable that these demands could be met, excepting perhaps as to quality, for many years to come, but for a still more destruc-

tive enemy than the axe of the lumberman—viz, the extensive bush fires which yearly devastate large tracts of pine forest. The loss from this cause has been vastly greater than from over-clearance, as fire, in addition to the destruction of standing timber, destroys in many cases the reproductive capacity of the land. Sweeping over rocky or naturally sterile tracts where the production of a forest has been the slow work of centuries, it consumes not merely the vegetation, but the light covering of soil, leaving nothing but the barren substratum. In other instances, where the land is more fertile, in burning up the *humus* formed of the accumulation of decayed wood and leaves it destroys the seeds which, had the land not been burned over, would in a few years have repaired the devastation of the axe by a vigorous second growth.

So far as the timber lands which yet constitute a portion of the Crown domain are concerned, the problem is much more easily solved—were the public mind once convinced of the urgent need of a solution—than is the case as regards the settled portions of the country. In order to convert what has hitherto been considered—and under the present wasteful system of lumbering practically is—a mere terminable annuity, so to speak, into a perpetual and increasing source of revenue, the Dominion and Provincial Governments have but to apply to the Crown Lands some of the broader and simpler principles of the science of forestry adopted as a matter of absolute necessity in the leading countries of continental Europe. That such a policy has not long ago been insisted upon is due in large measure to the popular misconception of the real object of forestry. Most of those who have not made a special study of the subject regard forest preservation as incompatible with the progress of settlement and the development of agriculture, and any regrets they feel, either from an industrial or sentiment-

tal point of view, over the destruction of the woods, are tempered by the reflection that the process is necessary to the development of the country. Wood and wheat will not grow in the same place, and the forest, like the Indian, the wolf, and the buffalo, is regarded as fated to disappear before advancing civilization.

It is true that a juster appreciation of the principles of forestry is slowly gaining ground, as the evils arising from excessive clearance in the older parts of the country force themselves upon the attention even of the least reflective observer. There is a widespread disposition to admit the desirability of preserving a larger area in woodland than has been retained in most of the settled portion of Ontario, in order to preserve the conditions of climate and distribution of moisture favorable to agriculture. But the truth which the public have been slow to grasp is the possibility of so treating the forest as to render it a permanent factor of that country's prosperity, instead of regarding its utilization as synonymous with its destruction.

Forest preservation by no means implies the prohibition of lumbering. It simply means the regulation of the process of removing the mature timber so that it may be taken out with as little injury as possible to the remaining trees, retaining a sufficient cover of foliage to preserve the forest character of the area, and allowing full scope to the natural and constant reproductive process by which, when conditions are at all favorable, vacancies are speedily filled, whether they are occasioned by the axe or the slower operation of natural decay. The highly elaborate forestry methods of Germany or France would be superfluous here. The object with us is not as yet to develop to the utmost the timber-producing capacities of every acre—that would not pay the cost of the labor and supervision required—but to maintain as far as possible existing

conditions in such portions of our timbered area as from considerations of locality or soil appear best adapted to be permanently set apart as woodland.

In our own Province of Ontario much educational work has been done under government supervision since the appointment of the late Mr. R. W. Phipps to the position of Clerk of Forestry, in 1883. A system of fire-rangings has been adopted by which the extent and destructiveness of forest fires during the last few years has been very materially reduced at a cost infinitesimally small as compared with the great saving effected. With the appointment of Mr. Thomas Southworth to the position of Clerk of Forestry, the scope of this branch of the public service has been considerably widened.

The setting apart of Algonquin Park, as a perpetual forest reserve, a few years ago, is a recognition of the principle which ought from the outset to have prevailed in connection with the management of our public lands; that the regions which, either by reason of their position at the headwaters of our larger streams or on account of their unfitness for profitable agriculture, it is in the public interest to retain as forest, should be withdrawn from settlement. Hitherto the practice has been to permit settlers to take up land in such districts and to encourage an influx of population, no matter how sterile or unpromising from an agricultural point of view the locality may be. As a consequence, when the lumberman has removed the most valuable of the timber, settlers come in small numbers, selecting what appear to be the least barren locations here and there, in the hope that between such farming as is possible and the sale of what is left in the way of timber on their lots, eked out it may be by government road-making or such makeshift jobs as are obtainable in a sparsely settled region, they may be able to subsist. Profitable farming

is out of the question, and many who have settled among the rocks and swamps simply because the land was easily obtainable have speedily realized their mistake. In any event it is natural that under such circumstances they should seek to get as much out of the land as possible, and the work of clearance is pushed on apace. When all saleable wood is removed the worthless "farm" is abandoned for another location. As woodland it was valuable both as a source of production and as a protection to the springs and water-courses by which the rivers are fed and the conditions of climate maintained in due equilibrium. As a stripped and desolate clearing it is worth nothing either to the individual owner or the country and will not be for generations to come, until nature, by an almost insensibly slow process, has reclothed it with the vegetation of which it should never have been deprived. Unfortunately even this gradual rehabilitation is likely, under existing conditions, to be interfered with by fire. The carelessness of settlers in burning brush-heaps or lighting fires in woods when hunting or fishing is responsible for most of the damage from this cause in the thinly-populated "debateable ground" between farm and bush-land. The isolated settlements which add practically nothing to the wealth of the country and hold out to the farmer no reasonable expectation of establishing a prosperous or permanent homestead are the cause of the destruction of millions of dollars worth of valuable growing timber, in addition to incalculable loss by the deforestation of large fire-swept regions rendered non-productive.

The same considerations which induced the withdrawal from settlement of Algonquin Park might very well prompt an extension of the policy to other regions where similar conditions prevail. The perpetual maintenance of these in forest, subject to such regulations for minimizing the danger from

fire as have been found effective, and a closer supervision over lumbering operations than has so far been exercised, would do much to avert the threatened peril of excessive deforestation. So far indeed as the loss of timber by fire is concerned the mere exclusion of settlers would of itself greatly lessen the number of forest conflagrations. With the example of the United States before us, public opinion is probably fully prepared for a measure involving a careful discrimination in dealing with Crown Lands, between those areas suited for tillage and those marked by Nature as better adapted for the production of timber than anything else, and the management of the latter under such restrictions as will best maintain their productiveness.

Turning from the Crown Lands to the settled and cultivated portions of the country the question assumes a different phase. The soil being in the hands of private owners, any measures to be taken towards woodland preservation or restoration must be carried out in the main by individual enterprise, with perhaps some encouragement in the way, either of aid or direction, such as has been afforded in connection with various branches of agriculture. The steady decline in agricultural prosperity, caused by the world-wide decrease in the price of cereals and other farm products, ought to insure for the subject a more interested hearing than could have been hoped for in a time of comparative prosperity. Farmers are beginning to learn that it is only by diversified farming, by utilizing to the full all the capacities of their land, by adding to grain growing, cattle-raising, dairying, fruit culture, poultry and bee-keeping, etc., that they can hope to succeed. If to these varied and continually-multiplying adjuncts of farm industry, they could be persuaded to add sylviculture, the decreasing profits of which they now complain would in a few years be

very materially increased. Farmers are accustomed to contrast their position unfavorably with that of the city man of business, and to point enviously at the comparatively large profits of the merchant and manufacturer.

There is much of truth in their complaints—but apart from unequal laws and unjust social conditions there is one very marked difference between the habits of thought of the countryman and the man of business, that largely accounts for the disabilities of the former. The successful capitalist is as a rule a man of foresight. He must plan and calculate for a comparatively distant future, be continually on the alert to observe the tendencies of trade and the signs which portend the shifting of the current, and often content to forego immediate profits in view of richer returns at the end of many years of working and waiting. The farmer has but rarely learned these lessons. Like the Jews of old, he is a good deal better at discerning the face of the sky than the signs of the times. His outlook on life is narrow, and he is prone to follow in the footsteps of his fathers, rather than to keep abreast of changing conditions and strive to forecast the future. He is little accustomed to make expenditures in view of a far-off return. The idea of growing trees as a profitable industry usually excites his derision. "Why they won't be good for anything for thirty years; I'll be dead long before that," is the frequent response to the suggestion. And yet it is precisely the counterpart of many operations continually undertaken in the commercial world, and carried on from one generation to another.

In view of the fall in prices and the competition of the prairies in wheat-growing, the "margin of cultivation," instead of advancing, is actually receding. The less choice and rich land, the sandy, stony, or broken ground, is allowed to remain waste or partially utilized. It is obvious that land which it would just pay to cultivate with

wheat at a dollar a bushel will not remunerate the farmer's labor with that staple at sixty cents, or thereabouts. The continued depression of agriculture, therefore, means the abandonment of large areas of comparatively poor land which, having been stripped of its forest covering, has become practically valueless. According to the report of the Bureau of Industries for 1894, there are 23,038,974 acres assessed in the rural area of the Province of Ontario, of which 12,292,610 acres are classed as cleared land, 7,859,714 acres as woodland, and 2,886,650 as swamp, marsh, or waste land. The system of classification pursued by the local assessors is regarded as by no means exact, much land being entered as woodland which is to all intents and purposes waste, that is to say partially cleared tracts where a few trees have survived the axe or the fire, but which have lost their distinctive forest character. and the conditions of reproductiveness which prevail in a thick wood. During an hour's railroad travel in any direction one may see from the car-windows dozens of such patches of so-called woodland merely dotted with trees, with large grass-grown spaces, and the stumps and debris of partial clearings between them, with few or no saplings growing up to take the places of the scanty remains of the forest. The land is practically waste, and ought to be classed as such. When the remaining timber has been felled for fuel or other requirements, unless the soil is adapted for cultivation, under existing conditions it will yield nothing except a scanty crop of pasturage. The falling-off in the value of agricultural land in Ontario, owing mainly to the continued low price of farm produce and the competition of newly opened up grain-growing regions in various parts of the world, is indicated by the Bureau of Industries returns, according to which it has fallen from \$654,793,025 in 1883 to \$587,246,117

A DEAD FRIEND.

in 1894. The full significance of this decrease is not conveyed by these figures, as in the period included by these dates the area of cleared land had increased from 10,539,557 to 12,292,610 acres. It is abundantly evident that if the farmers of Ontario are to retain their position, they must learn to economize, not in the sense of curtailing living expenses, but in the truer meaning of the word by employing all their capital and utilizing every factor they possess to the best advantage.

The "waste" and partly cleared land, instead of representing practically so much dormant or diminishing capital, should be turned to account in raising timber, which, so far as the more valuable kinds are concerned, is as certain to rise in value in the markets of the world as the cereals are to decrease, or at best remain stationary, as new territories upon three continents are exploited by cheap labor and modern machinery.

Phillips Thompson.

A DEAD FRIEND.

So short a while — we talked together,
So short a while ago !
My friend through fair and cloudy weather,
The friend I trusted so.

Last week you died, and if to-night
You were, as often — near,
My soul would cower with affright,
My flesh wou'd creep with fear.

For you have broken the golden bowl,
You know the things untold ;
Each secret of my inmost soul
Would be to you unrolled.

Oh difference dread ! *you* understand, —
I grope in doubt and pain.
With what changed hearts — in what strange land,
May we two meet again ?

REGINALD GOURLAY.

THE NUCLEUS OF A SALON.

KATHARINE L. JOHNSTON.

IT is over a year ago that Belinda first told me of her plan. I was staying all night at her house, and when we went to bed I was surprised to be allowed to go to sleep peaceably, Belinda merely remarking, as she turned out the gas, that these cool autumn nights were nice for sleeping. As up to then I had never known either of us to find it difficult to sleep on any night that the thermometer had been able to supply us with, I didn't quite see her idea in the remark; but I accepted it thankfully, and went to sleep. I do not know how long my sleep lasted, but I know that it was nearer to-morrow than yesterday when her voice woke me, and my dream fled away into the darkness. I heard her calling:

"Gertrude, Gertrude, are you dead? Wake up a minute."

Who but Belinda would expect a person to "wake up a minute," especially when there was a doubt as to that person's being alive? And who, knowing Belinda, would have expected to be allowed to go to sleep again at the expiration of the minute?

I opened my eyes and saw her sitting curled up in the window-seat, and looking much smaller, even in the enshrouding shawl, than her five feet of stature would lead one to expect. I uttered my mind somewhat freely on the subject of her unwisdom; and she, seeing that I was awake, told me I ought to see how queer and quiet everything outdoors looked. I drew a pathetic picture of the daisy-covered grave she would sleep in soon if she did not avail herself of the present more comfortable arrangements for slumber, and she merely replied that I didn't know what a dear little curl-

ed-up moon there was, all tangled up in the top of the elm-tree.

I did not, and I don't yet. The moon has not been invented that will lure me out of bed just at the sharp corner of an autumn morning. I told Belinda this, and she turned her attention from the scenery for a moment, and said she had awakened a little while ago, and had found that there was a barbed-wire fence between her and sleep, and she had torn several large, jagged rents in her mind trying to pass it, so she had given up. I threw her a blanket, to supplement the shawl, and piled my pillows up in a conversational attitude, reflecting meanwhile on a possible reason for Belinda's unusual wakefulness. Then I said:

"Belinda, dear, who was the big young man you introduced to me the other day?" Belinda turned her face to the dear little curled-up moon.

"Mr. Lincoln."

"I remembered his name."

"Oh—he is the nucleus of a salon." she went on.

"A salon?" I repeated, unwisely, for my vocal organs seem to have been made for the pronunciation of English only.

"Yes. I'm going to be wise one night a week this winter—see if I'm not. Mamma says I may—'Oh, by all means,' she said, when I suggested it, 'by all means, dearie. And I will get a dove-coloured silk dress, and endeavour to find some invaluable old lace among your Grandmother's things—though I doubt my success—and I will try to drink coffee as if it were merely an adjunct to intellectual and literary conversation.'"

"More than I would do for you," I struck in.

"More than I should expect of *you*, dear." Belinda answered softly. "Yes, Mother is humourous at times, but she always does me the honour to understand what I want."

"Your mother must have a magnificent intellect, for you have wanted many and divers and peculiar things," I said. "Where does Mr. Lincoln come in?"

"Oh—look yonder! What is it your friend Lippo says about the grey beginning—zooks? Well, zooks is the proper word to use, now. Consider I've said zooks. Mr. Lincoln? He is going to bring his brain along and be wise, too. You know, dear, Jack's chums are good enough lads, but there's only one of them who's at all clever, and the girls, though they're awfully nice, don't know much but how to wear becoming clothes and look pretty—except you, dear, of course—and so I thought if I imported another brain into our circle, it would balance nicely—and that's the whole thing, Gertie."

"Where did you find him?" I asked.

"At Grey's. He was lonesome there, and they didn't want him; he merely scared them with his brains. So I annexed him myself." Two things in this caught my attention. I spoke of one.

"How is the annexation process managed?" I asked. "I never understood it."

"Oh, I don't know. I just wanted to. It's easy."

"I never could do it," I said.

"You never wanted to, dear." This was not the fact; but, understanding that Belinda's method was instinctive rather than scientific, I gave it up, and spoke of the second point.

"Your friend didn't strike me as being so very clever," I ventured. "He seemed to be rather—nice—than intellectual."

"Oh, he is nicer than he is clever, of course. But then he gives that impression of modest worth through not knowing how clever he is. I'm going to tell him."

"Are you also going to tell him—I mean, does he know how nice he is?" I asked.

"No—how can you expect one man to know all that? It's zooking some more over there. I'm coming to bed." She began to untangle herself from her wrappings. "There's one thing," she added. "He may incapacitate himself for salon purposes. He may"—Belinda has the grace not to use the heavy words of our language unless they are necessary. This sometimes necessitates slang, or circumlocution—"he may get smitten on some one. Wouldn't that be horrid? You'll see, I hope, that it isn't you, Gertrude?"

"He will see to that himself, probably," I assured her, out of my experience.

"Think so?" she said, with a most polite rising inflection. "And you'll put on a pretty gown, and come over to our house and scintillate, next Thursday?"

So far as I am a judge of such things, the salon was successful for the one brief winter of its life. Our idea of the brilliant drawing-rooms of France was a little vague, but this merely enabled us to give the benefit of the doubt to any recreation that seemed, on first sight, too frivolous for a salon. Perhaps we did not carry out the specifications at all—probably not, indeed, as none of us knew exactly what they were; but we had a picturesque and happy sort of time. I was captured the first evening by a large-browed and charmingly serious-mannered young man, who undertook to teach me to play chess. "He asked me to introduce him, dear," Belinda said, softly, while he was bringing the little inlaid chess-table from the other end of the room, "so I'm afraid you'll have to play with him. You have brain enough, I think." I had a fuller knowledge of said brain than Belinda, and I thought not; but I sat down, amiably, and gave my most respectful attention to all the instructions I

had received. I never won a game, by any chance, during the whole winter, but did my best and really learned more than I had expected. And I had some satisfaction; one night when we waxed frivolous, and unbent our minds as Mistress Sarah Battle did not, in playing whist against my chess-opponent, I won seven games out of seven. We played cards only twice, I think; in fact, apart from our chess, we did very little but talk. Sometimes somebody sang—never anyone who couldn't; and sometimes somebody read a poem—always someone who could. I will confess that I recollect but little of our talk, though it seemed very wise and interesting to hear when it was uttered. But I think that when I am an old woman, and any stray sequence of ideas—or some other old man or woman—recalls to my mind that winter, it will be as when one finds in a drawer the absurd symbol that marked one's membership in one's first, most-believed-in, and most charming school-girl club, or the two inches of striped ribbon that suggests the cricket or football matches one used to watch. I don't recollect any tale in mythology in which a flower changes into a jewel, but there should be such a legend to symbolize the fragrant flower-charm of the present hour, and the lasting jewel-grace of the past.

I did not say that at the salon, but I said plenty of other things, and listened to plenty. At this moment, however, I recall only two conversations, and one of them was very short—at least, I heard only two sentences of it, as Belinda and Mr. Lincoln passed the chess-table on their way to the piano—

"Little Boy Blue, I didn't tell you that."

"Little Girl Green, you didn't need to."

Belinda found the following verses on her breakfast plate the next morning—author too cautious to sign:—

Little Boy Blue stood six feet two,
When he wasn't wearing the ghost of a shoe;
And the smallest maid that ever was seen
Was his boon companion, Little Girl Green.
Oh, Little Boy Blue, pray tell me true,
How did she ever capture you?

The wit of this was thought to be below salon level, for the verses were not read at the next meeting.

The other conversation that I remember occurred the last time we met. Somebody said he had read a pathetic story about a girl who died at twenty-three, and had been wondering, about two o'clock the previous night (the hour at which he finished reading the story), what he would be sorriest to miss, if he had died at twenty-three. I put aside the two things that came promptly into the fore-ground of my mind, in order to see how the rest of the people responded. Almost every face showed knowledge on the subject, and you ought to have heard the amount of wisdom we uttered, when we had all decided what not to say. In the meantime the young gentleman to whom Belinda's brother has given the Indian name of "Man-with-frills-on-his-manners," turned to Belinda's mother with a graceful speech as to what we should all have missed by dying before that winter. Then the prettiest girl in the room said she was not twenty-three yet, but hoped to be if we gave her time (she didn't say how much), and meanwhile she would be very sorry to have died before learning how to spell spontaneity, because ignorance on this point had darkened her childhood. Several of us looked as if we could not spell spontaneity yet, but no one was rash enough to raise the point. One man, who must have been nearly thirty-five, said he would not be willing to lose a single minute out of all his days since he was twenty-three. I looked at him in awe, and wondered whether it was his conscience or his memory that was at fault. And Belinda's brother said, admiringly: "What a rattling good time you must have had!"

Then my serious young chess-player said :

"None of you seem to think how good it would be to get rid of things you've done since, by dying at twenty-three. You must be awfully good."

"Or stupid," I said, sagely. "It doesn't seem possible, to the ordinary conscience, to get rid of iniquities, by dying or by any other extreme measure." Then the man-with-frills-on-his-manners told me, in a most complimentary tone, that I must be frightfully wicked. In fact, there were many opinions expressed, more or less seriously, but I should have much preferred to hear those that were not spoken.

One sincere word was said, and that I did not hear, but saw. Belinda and Mr. Lincoln were standing near the piano, arrested in a search for some music by a moment's interest in the discussion. I saw Mr. Lincoln's colour rise as he spoke, and I knew what he was saying, as well as if I had heard it. But I think he made a mistake in policy; he looked straight across the room at the girl who was not twenty-three yet. I did not know whether he saw her, or not; it's easy to look at things, or even people, without seeing them, when one's pre-occupied. But if he meant that by leaving this earth at twenty-three he would have missed the great happiness of knowing her, it was surely a sinful waste of time to say it to Belinda, and if he meant that Belinda's friendship was the happiness he would have been cheated of by an early death, he should not have looked at an unusually pretty other girl while he said it. I suppose the primæval man who discovered the device of articulate speech thought he had done something large for his race; one can picture his fresh delight, and almost hear him saying: "Now, I'll know what all the other fools in the world mean, and they'll know what I mean, and everything will be truly lovely." He did not contemplate the divers uses to which

his discovery might be put. All this went through my mind in a flash, as Belinda's face changed, and her eyes turned away from the uncomfortable beauty of that other face. I bent my head quickly in the direction of the nearest window.

"Is that the fire-bell?" I said, and one of the men pulled back the curtain for me. I do not know how they do these things in France, but I do not believe that there is in this country material for a salon that will not rush window-wards on a hint of a fire. We all looked out eagerly, and listened a few moments, then some one said:

"I don't hear it."

"Neither do I, now," I answered in a disappointed tone. I think I should not tell a direct lie, unless the provocation is something stupendous; but my conscience hasn't even mentioned this little dramatic performance to me since—not even in my bluest moments, when it might have had a chance.

I was sorry that was the last time we met at the salon, for I thought there were some of us who didn't quite know where we were. My own ignorance of matters was unimportant, of course, but I was naturally interested, and should have liked to know the facts. I learned them later, when Belinda came back to town, after a long summer of camping and hilarity. We went walking the day after she came home.

It was a hazy September afternoon, and we took the shortest way to get out of the region of pavement of any sort, and when we had accomplished this, and had reached a road that was chiefly grass and cart-ruts, we walked contentedly along for a time, and then sat down upon a conveniently broken fence to talk.

Belinda told me amusing stories of camp-fires, and swimming lessons, and canoeing exploits, and I waited for a name. It came after a time, uttered casually, and I waited till it was well buried under half a dozen others, and then asked:

"Was Alicethere—and is shetwenty-three yet?"

"Yes, Alice was there—and not yet twenty-three, I should judge—but then you wouldn't have thought any of us more than fifteen. Alice pitched out of the big canoe one day, and you should have seen the lads plunge after her, though they knew she could swim"—and then followed a sparkling history of that adventure.

It was not till we discovered the difference between a broken fence and an easy chair, and consequently rose to go home, that Belinda at last spoke out:

"You remember the night you didn't hear the fire-bells?"

I remembered.

"I thought that night," she went on, "that Mr. Lincoln had—incapacitated himself for salon purposes, you know. I found this summer that it was so." A voice may shake through grief, or joy, or mere nervousness, and I was afraid to look.

"That's too bad," I said, watching the sunset.

"Oh, I shouldn't say that," she answered, tolerantly, "I should not say that, Gertrude—for it's I."

Katharine L. Johnston.



TAM MILLER

Tam.

Bonny Jean, winsome Jean,
Trippin' ower the daisy,
Weel I ken where ye hae been;
Faith ye'll drive me crazy!

Donald's but a silly lad,
Full o' naught but dancin',
Blawin' pipes that drive me mad,
Round the country prancin'!

Scarce a bawbee till his name,
Hoo can he support ye?
Canna bide an hour at hame;
Dinna lat him court ye!

There's mysel'—an honest chiel,
Douce, nor ill behavit.
Jeanie, lass, I loo ye weel,
An' I've siller savit!

Come awa' an' bide wi' me,
I will mak' ye cozy;
Busk ye out, a sicht tae see—
Gay as any posy!

Jean.

Haud, awa'! ye crazy loon!
Tammas I despise ye!
Gie some ither lass the goon—
That's what I advise ye!

All your siller and your gear,
All ye can add to them,
Think ye that I coont them dear?
Think ye that I loo' them?

Gin my Donald loves to roam,
Blyth maun be his life then;
Gin he winna bide at hame,
Mair he needs a wife then!

Donald's worth a score o' you!
Dinna speak agin him!
Bonny is he, leal an' true,
Proud am I tae win him!

Noo gaud nicht! but bide a wee!
Mind ye this, Tam Miller!—
Think na ilka lass ye see
Cares for naught but siller!

MALCOLM MACKENZIE.

THROUGH THE SUB-ARCTICS OF CANADA.

A Journey of 3,200 Miles by Canoe and Snow-shoe.

BY J. W. TYRRELL, C.E., D.L.S

VII.—FROM MARBLE ISLAND TO FORT CHURCHILL.

WE started southward down the coast of Hudson Bay on the 13th of September; and the day being beautifully calm, we made a capital run past a rocky, reef-bound coast, and at night camped upon the mainland about twelve miles north of Marble Island, whose snowy white hills of quartzite could be distinctly seen against the southern horizon.

Marble Island—so called because of the resemblance which its rounded, glaciated rocky hills bears to white marble—is known as a wintering station for American whalers. Its geographical position was well determined in 1885 and 1886, by Commander Gordon, of the Dominion Government Hudson Bay Expedition (of which the writer was a member), so we were glad to avail ourselves of the opportunity of connecting our survey with such a well-fixed landmark. There were no whalers then at the island. Had there been, we would have endeavoured to arrange with one of them to take us to Churchill.

During the following day the weather continued to be beautifully fair, so with the feeling that nature was smiling upon us, we made good use of our time. As we followed the coast in a south-westerly direction, mile after mile, the rounded white hills of Marble Island continued to present a remarkable appearance, while to the north of us extended the bold, dark, rocky shore, brightened here and there in appearance by great banks of snow.

Landing at noon at a bluff, rocky point, we discovered what must very

recently have been a large Eskimo encampment. Several kom-e-ticks (sleds) and other articles were found, including the wreck of a large whale boat, which lay in a cove near by. This camping place had been the summer home of the Eskimos we had met within the inlet, and from a sanitary point of view it was no credit to them, for filth and putrefaction everywhere abounded.

The rocks of this locality were chiefly dark green hornblende schists of the Huronian formation, and were of particularly interesting appearance, being much contorted, and dipping at high angles.

Following our two days of fair weather we were permitted to enjoy still another, which enabled us to cross the mouth of Rankin Inlet, one which would have required days to coast had the weather been anything but calm. During these three days, we covered a distance of just one hundred miles, and this run upon such an exposed coast was most encouraging. Though we saw little game, we had still some dried meat left, and at this rate of travel, two weeks would take us to Churchill. By putting ourselves upon rations, our meat would last us for five or six days.

On the night of the 15th our camp was pitched upon a little sand island in the mouth of Corbet's Inlet, and here for a time we were destined to remain. Before morning we were aroused by the already too familiar sound of the gale, and all day we were kept prisoners upon the sand bar, without water to drink, for what was found on the islet was salty. Towards evening the wind was accompanied by

a chilling rain, which continued all night and the greater part of the next morning. On the following afternoon the wind suddenly fell, and though a heavy sea continued to roll in from the east, the waves ceased to break; and fearing to lose one hour unnecessarily, we launched our canoes upon the heaving waters and started across the mouth of the Inlet on an eight-mile traverse.

As we got out beyond the shelter of the island, we found the seas running fearfully high; but so long as they did not break upon us, we had little to fear; and this would not likely occur unless the wind should spring up again. But when we were well out in the middle of the inlet that is just what did occur. The wind commenced to blow from exactly the opposite quarter, and speedily increased in force, whipping the crests off the waves in such a way as to make our position anything but assuring. Our situation was indeed perilous. Every effort was made to guide our canoes in such a way as to brook least danger, but in spite of all we could do, the seas dashed in upon us, and it looked as if we would never reach the shore.

My brother and I laid down our paddles, and with tin kettles plied ourselves vigorously in dashing out the water. Many times the great tumbling billows seemed as if they would certainly roll over us; but our light cedars, though sometimes half-filled, were ever borne up by the waves. At length we neared the shore, toward which for several hours we had been struggling but, to our dismay, only to find it skirted by a long line of rocks and shoals upon which the full force of the wild sea was breaking with frightful fury. What were we to do? Without a harbor we would be dashed to pieces upon the rocks, and it was impossible for us to retreat against the storm.

On we were borne by the force of the gale toward the breakers, but just

as the crisis appeared to have come—thanks to a kind Providence, a way of escape was presented. One rock was observed standing out a short distance in advance of the others. If behind this we could thrust our canoes, we might yet land in safety. Every arm was strained in the effort, and one after the other each canoe, being well directed, was dashed by the breakers into the desired haven.

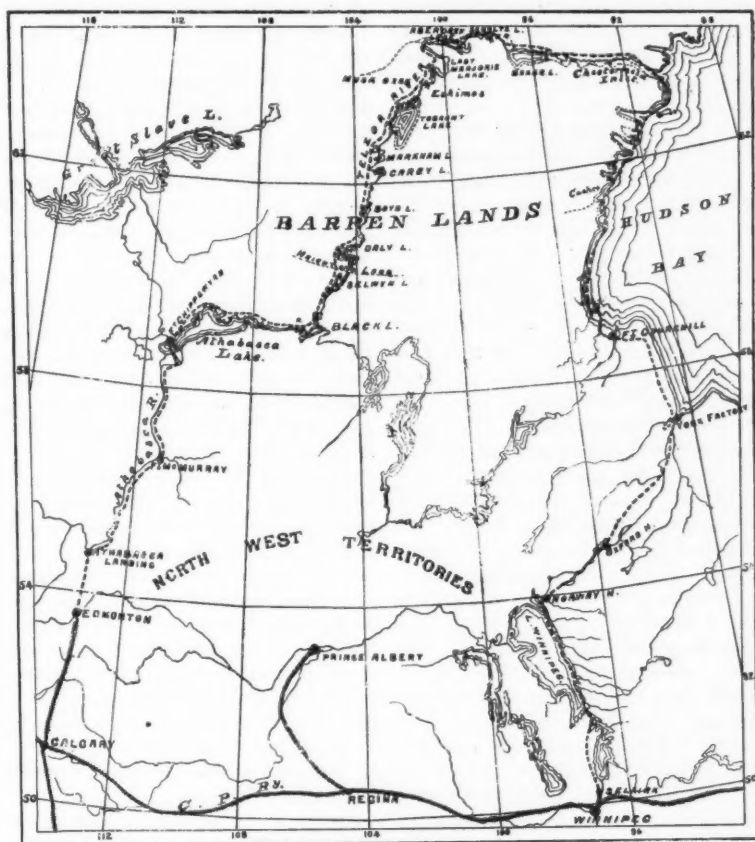
Then in shallow water, and with the strength of the seas broken, we all jumped out of our canoes and succeeded in landing them safely. Every particle of our outfit was, of course, thoroughly saturated, but we were very thankful that nothing worse had befallen us.

The surface of the country here consisted of bare rock, comparatively level, of a most dreary aspect, and without a sign of vegetation.

The storm continued for two days longer, during which time we were obliged to remain on shore. As our provisions were now almost exhausted, our attentions were chiefly devoted to hunting; but the only game that could be found was one little duck and two gulls. The broken remains of an Eskimo kyaak were found, and these were carefully gathered up in order that a kettle of water and our gulls might be boiled for supper.

New ice was now forming over the ponds on the shore, and the weather was turning perceptibly colder, so that we were very anxious to be moving southward. When still dark, on the morning of the 20th, the wind having fallen, camp was aroused, and without breakfast our journey resumed. For two days we pressed on, and made good progress, but having scarcely anything to eat, we began to feel weak.

On the morning of the 22nd we were again storm-bound by a heavy gale and snow, which lasted four days. During this time we suffered much from the violence of the storm, as



ROUTE OF THE TYRRELL EXPEDITION OF 1893 THROUGH NORTHERN CANADA.

well as from want of food. As soon as the storm had sufficiently abated, which it did not do until the morning of the 25th, two of the men, Pierre and Louis, were sent out with the shot guns to hunt for food, and with our rifles my brother and I set out for an all-day tramp into the interior. We found that our camp was situated near the end of a long, narrow point, at the back of which is Neville Bay. The point consisted in places of extended fields of water-washed boulders, and in order to reach the mainland, these had to be crossed. This circumstance, together with the fact that we were travelling into the teeth of a gale and

with empty stomachs, made walking very difficult.

Soon after leaving camp a hare jumped out from among the rocks, and, coming to a fatal stand, it was with some gratification made a prey to a slug from my "Martin." Not wishing to carry him all day, he was left with Pierre and Louis to be taken to camp.

By three o'clock in the afternoon, after a long and labourious march, and securing nothing more, excepting one ptarmigan, we reached the bottom of Neville Bay, and then discovered the mouth of a large river flowing into it. We would gladly have stayed some

time in this vicinity pursuing further research; but as the day was already far spent, and we were pretty well used up, we did not deem it advisable to do so.

Finding a little dry moss we made a fire, roasted the little ptarmigan, divided it between us, and being somewhat resuscitated began a weary march to camp. Towards nightfall, as it began to grow dark, we found ourselves becoming very much exhausted, but not wishing to be out all night without blankets—for the weather continued to be very cold and stormy—we pushed on with all the energy we could possibly muster. We were frequently obliged to sit down to rest, notwithstanding the fact that night was close upon us, and when still several miles from camp, we found ourselves enveloped in darkness and endeavouring to grope our way through a field of sharp, angular rocks of all shapes and sizes. It is needless to say that travelling under such conditions was not easy. For a considerable distance we were obliged to feel our way with hands and feet between and over the rocks (occasionally going over, then between, and exercising the sense of feeling last). After about two hours of this sort of experience, we gained the more level country; and a little later, getting sight of a light in one of the tents, which served as a guide, we reached camp thoroughly played out. We were not, however, required to go to bed fasting, for Pierre and Louis, having been more successful than ourselves, had secured several hares and ptarmigan, and from these a "bouillon" had been prepared, and part of it reserved for our supper. It was a most thoroughly appreciated meal, and after partaking of it, we were soon rolled up in our blankets and all unconscious of the storm that howled about us, and of the fact that we had not another meal in the camp.

On the morning of the 26th, we were glad to find that the wind had fallen sufficiently to allow us to launch,

so without delay our canoes were loaded and a fair run made. Several sea ducks were shot during the day, and thus our supper was secured. The next day we were again wind-bound by a gale from the south-west, and our whole party set out to hunt for food. We were not altogether unsuccessful—assembling in the evening with five marmots (animals about the size of house rats).

The next morning, the 28th, though a strong breeze was still blowing, we determined to make a start at least, for to remain where we were meant that we must soon starve to death. We were already much reduced and weakened from the effects of cold and hunger, and the condition of the weather had of late been most disheartening. We were still fully three hundred miles from Churchill, the nearest habitation of man; we had not one bit of food; the country was covered with snow, the climate piercingly cold; we had no means of making a fire, and, worst of all, the weather was such the greater part of the time that we were unable to travel. It was difficult to be cheerful under such circumstances, but we maintained a bold front and pushed on.

As we were bending to our paddles and had made, perhaps, seven or eight miles south-westerly along the coast, our hearts were gladdened by the appearance of a band of deer on the shore. As can be imagined, our course was quickly altered and a landing effected, though with some difficulty as the tide was falling and the water rapidly receding over the broad boulder flats. The men were left to keep the canoes afloat and from being damaged by the rocks, whilst my brother and I, with our rifles and the sagacity of Indians, went off in pursuit of the deer, which were now very different animals to hunt than when in great bands earlier in the season. Another fact which rendered them difficult to approach was, that the country was

now a vast snow-covered plain, affording no cover for the hunter save that of a few scattered boulders. Behind some of these we crept for long distances, but found it impossible to get within any kind of medium range. Several times we got within about five hundred yards of the deer, but could get no closer, and so opened fire at that distance. At first they trotted about in confusion, but then locating their enemies, fled straight away across the country. For hours we followed them, vainly seeking for some opportunity of nearer approach, but being unsuccessful were compelled to retrace our weary steps to the shore, where we arrived faint and exhausted. We found the men had been unable to keep the canoes afloat, but that they were now high and dry, and the water of the bay barely visible in the distance, such was the extremely low and flat character of the coast.

It was impossible to launch our canoes until the return of the tide, so Pierre and Louis were sent off with our rifles, to try their fortune. As they departed and left us lying upon the snow, we sincerely prayed for their success. We had done our best and had failed; if they also should fail it was too apparent what must soon be the result.

Two of the other men, Jim and Francois, were also sent off with the shot-guns, and then anxious hours of waiting followed. No shots were heard, but towards evening we observed in the distance Pierre and Louis, and afterwards the other two men, returning. None of them appeared to have anything with them, as we had hoped they might, and at the prospect, I confess, my heart grew sick. As they came nearer, however, Louis, holding up something in one hand, exclaimed "I got um." It was the claw of a polar bear, and we soon learned with much joy that he had, sure enough, killed a bear, which he had suddenly come upon at the edge of a little lake, whilst following the deer.

It was about six miles inland that the encounter took place, and Louis was alone at the time, his brother having gone off on a different track. The meeting was a mutual surprise, for the bear, which was lying in the snow near the ice of the lake, being very white himself, was unobserved until our hunter's footsteps aroused him. Then there was a distance of not more than fifty yards between them and there was no time for consideration, for the bear, springing to his feet, made straight for Louis, who met his charge with a slug, and brought Bruin to his knees. He was up again though in an instant and following our Indian, who had taken to the ice, thinking that in a conflict he would there have the advantage. But in this he found he was mistaken, for the bear was quickly overtaking him—being at home on the ice—so he turned, and the second time knocked the bear down. Again, as Louis made for the shore, Bruin got up, and with blood streaming from his wounds and a roar of defiance, made one more desperate charge. There were now only a few feet between them, but Louis, doubtless fully realizing the situation as critical, turned and shot his adversary dead at his feet.

It was a happy shot for our whole party, as well as for the Indian, who, being unable to handle the carcass himself, had returned—meeting his brother by the way—for assistance.

We all gladly followed him to the scene of the combat, where, judging by tracks and blood, there was abundant proof of the veracity of his story.

On a bare knoll, near the carcass, some dry moss was discovered, and with this, even before the skinning had been completed, some of the flesh was roasted, or, more correctly, slightly singed, and refreshments were passed around. The reviving effect produced upon the spirits of our party was remarkable. Though the flesh of the polar bear is famed for its rankness, we would not have exchanged it

at that time for its weight in silver. I remember one of the western half-breeds being so exultant that he affirmed "he would not own the Queen as his uncle."

The carcass was found to be extremely poor. The only food found in the stomach was the droppings of reindeer, so that at the first meeting Louis must have been considered a very desirable prize. It was just a question of which should eat up the other in order to prolong his existence. Fortunately for our party the Indian proved to be the fittest survivor.

No part of the carcass was wasted, but every scrap, including the hide, amounting in all to between three and four hundred pounds, was placed in bags and carried to the canoes which, with much difficulty, we reached long after dark.

Next morning a strong east wind, driving a wild surf in upon the shore, made it impossible to launch, but we were thankful for having some food on hand with which to fortify ourselves inwardly. Advantage was also taken of the opportunity for obtaining moss with which to cook some of the meat. Though five or six miles distant, a quantity of this fuel was gathered, and with it several large kettles of the meat boiled—almost sufficient, it was hoped, to take us to Churchill.

But—alas for our hopes!—the gale which had arisen increased in fury until it became a terrific storm accompanied by sleet and snow, and this continued for five days. During one of the nights of this storm the tent occupied by my brother and myself was ripped up the back by the force of the gale, and it was with great difficulty that we saved it from being blown away. So fierce was the storm, and so piercingly cold was the wind, that without shelter we must soon have perished. We were already numb with cold, but midst the snow and darkness I managed to find in my bag a sail-needle and some twine, and then, having lowered the tent to the ground,

whilst my brother held on to it, I stitched up the rent. When the tent was again raised, our blankets were buried in snow, but they being our only comfort, the snow was shaken off and in a half-perished condition, we again crept beneath them.

Besides the discomforts occasioned by the storm, a case of poisoning occurred at the camp. Our cook, one day, thinking to give my brother and me a treat, provided for our dinner some of the bear's liver. Because of its rank flavour my brother partook sparingly, but I ate of it freely, and at once became fearfully ill.

For a whole day I lay in the tent reaching and straining, though throwing off nothing but froth, until I thought I would have died. My brother pressed me to take some brandy—a little of which still remained in a flask we had brought with us, but, mule-like, for some time I declined on the plea that I did not think it would help me. However, towards night, thinking I would have to take something or give up the ghost, I yielded to his advice, and very soon began to feel greatly relieved. I have since learned that, by the Eskimos as well as by whalers, polar bear's liver is said to be poisonous.

After this great storm, which lasted until the 4th of October, the whole country was buried deeply in snow, and every possibility of finding even a little moss for fuel was excluded. The sub-arctic winter, with all its cruelty, had overtaken us. Ice was forming rapidly along the shore of the bay, and it was evident that, within a very few days, canoe travelling must be at an end.

On the above date, though snow was still falling, the wind had gone down sufficiently to allow us to launch; but, because of a low tide and the ice, it was not an easy matter to get into the water. However, this was in time accomplished, and, by the greatest exertion during the day, we managed to make a distance of ten

miles through a dashing spray which froze upon whatever it touched and encased canoes and men in an armour of ice. In getting to shore at night, we experienced the same difficulties as we had met with in the morning, only they had slightly increased.

The following morning the water of the bay was clear out of sight, and it was not until about noon, when the tide flowed in, that we could get into the water. Then we were so obstructed by ice along the shore and a head wind, that we were not able to make more than a mile or two before we were again forced to struggle to the shore.

At this rate of travel we would be a long time in reaching Churchill. We had now been more than three weeks on the coast, and were still at least two hundred and fifty miles from our haven. Some different mode of travelling must be adopted or we could never get in. The shore ice was forming rapidly, and might now block us at any time. We were again reduced to two or three rations, and the game had all left the country.

What was to be done? My brother and I talked the matter over during the night, and the plan which first suggested itself was to abandon everything but rifles and blankets, and start down the shore on foot. But to this plan there appeared many serious objections. Our party, though much weakened of late, was still, through long practice, able to pull at the paddles, but to undertake a long march, we would have been in very poor condition. Besides this, our footwear was in a very bad state, and then walking without snowshoes through the soft deep snow would have been very laborious, if not quite impossible. Again, there would be several large rivers to cross, and these would not yet be frozen over; so that altogether the idea of completing our journey on foot appeared impracticable.

A second plan was then proposed. It was to abandon one canoe with all

dunnage, instruments, rock collection, Eskimo curiosities, etc.; etc., and reserving only our note books, photographs, plant collection, rifles, blankets and tents, to start out with the help of the additional man in each of the remaining canoes, and pull for our lives.

The adoption of this plan was decided upon, and at day-break all hands were set to work to "cache" our stuff, excepting the articles above mentioned. This task occupied the whole morning, and to us it was a sad and dreary one. Things were first packed in tarpaulins and waterproof bags, and then lashed in the canoe, which was finally turned upside down, then covered by the "green" bear-skin, and weighted with stones. Having thus made the "cache" as secure as we could, with heavy hearts we turned our steps toward the shore.

Canoes were launched, and then followed the extremely difficult and dangerous work of forcing our way through the broken but heavy shore ice to the open water beyond. Having succeeded in this, we made a good run, and even at the risk of being smashed upon some of the many rocks or blocks of drifting ice, we paddled on far into the night; but at a late hour, being sheathed in ice from the freezing spray, we gained the shore, and without supper, lay down to sleep upon the snow.

Eight more dreary days passed, six of which were spent in battling with the elements, and two in lying storm-bound upon the shore. During this interval our party suffered much from cold and lack of food, and to make matters worse dysentery attacked us. The shore ice had been steadily forming, rendering it more and more difficult to launch or get ashore. Our frail crafts had been badly battered, and several times broken through by the ice, and the low character of the coast had not improved. Still, with hollow cheeks and enfeebled strength, we struggled on, sometimes

making fair progress and at others very little, until on October the 14th as we advanced we found the ice so heavy, and extending so far out to sea, that in order to clear it we could not see the land.

Towards evening we began to look about for some opportunity of getting to shore, but nothing could be seen but the sea and a vast field of ice, with here and there some dark protruding rocks. We pushed on, hoping to find some bluff point or channel of water by which we might reach the shore, but the conditions of our surroundings did not change. We stood up in our canoes and climbed upon rocks, vainly hoping to at least get a glimpse of the land, but it was so low, and we were so far out, that it was beyond our view.

Soon the shades of night began to overshadow us; our canoes were leaking badly, and the weather was bitterly cold. We tried our utmost to reach the shore, but failed. It was hoped that at the time of high tide, about 10 p.m., we might do better, but 10 o'clock came and still we were in the same helpless condition, no more able to penetrate the drifting ice and gain the shore than before.

Indeed, long before this time, it had become intensely dark, and we were in great danger of being smashed by ice or rocks. We were utterly powerless, and could do nothing but sit in our canoes, and go where the tide chose to carry us, until the return of daylight.

The hours of that night were the longest that I have ever experienced, and the odds seemed to be against us surviving until morning. Our canoes were leaking so badly that only continual baling kept us afloat. I sincerely prayed that we might, in some way, be delivered from our distressed condition.

At length the day returned and found us all alive, though my brother was nearly dead from exposure and sitting in the icy water; and poor lit-

tle Michel had both of his feet frozen, whilst his brother Louis was in a very low condition from the effects of dysentery.

Still we were in the same position as we had been the night before. We could not hold out very much longer; we must gain the shore or perish. At the time of high tide, the ice being somewhat loosened, our canoes were thrust into the pack, and by the exercise of great care and almost superhuman effort, we succeeded, about one o'clock, in reaching the solid shore ice, upon which we were able to land, and, for the last time, haul out our noble little crafts.

We had been sitting in them just thirty hours, battling with the ice, exposed to a piercing wintry blast, with clothing saturated and frozen, and our bodies faint and numb with starvation and cold. But, thank Heaven, we were now within reach of the land, and all who were able gladly scrambled out upon the ice to stretch their cramped and stiffened limbs. My brother was not able to walk, but was in a perishing condition from the exposure of the night, and from sitting in ice-cold water in the bottom of his canoe, which had with difficulty been kept from foundering. I wrapped him up as warmly as I could in our blankets, and administered half a bottle of Jamaica ginger, the last of our stock.

Those of us who were able then set about hauling the canoes over the ice to the shore, which was in time reached, and where we were delighted to find a quantity of driftwood. With some of this a fire was soon lighted, and, camp being pitched, my brother was removed to our tent, whilst the weaker of the men sought shelter in theirs.

The three half-breeds, Jim, John and Francois, were still fairly strong, but the remaining five of us were badly used up. We knew now, however, that we could be no very great distance from Churchill, for we had

again reached the wooded country. Two or three miles back from the shore could be seen dark clumps of evergreens, and this afforded great consolation, for it meant for us shelter and fire.

As to again launching our canoes, that was entirely out of the question. If we should reach Churchill at all it must now be by land, but as most of us were unable to walk, the only course open appeared to be to send on some of the stronger men to, if possible, reach the Fort and bring back a relief party. This plan was proposed to the men, and each of the three stronger ones volunteered their services. Accordingly, on the following morning, the 16th of October, Jim and John were dispatched to the Fort, whilst the remainder of our party undertook to move camp back to the woods, where we might make ourselves more comfortable to await the success or failure of our relief party.

A well-sheltered spot was selected in a thick grove of trees, and after clearing away about two feet of snow which covered the ground, tents were pitched, then well "brushed" with fir branches; and before them a great roaring camp-fire made, such as we had not been permitted to enjoy for many a day. Besides this, in the willows through which we had passed on our way from the shore, many ptarmigan had been seen, and a number of them shot. These, together with the shelter and warmth, contributed greatly to our comfort and relief. The reviving effect of food and fire upon our numb and half-frozen bodies was very marked. Francois, who of our number was the best able to walk, was kept out with the gun, and found no difficulty in securing a good many birds. Unfortunately, though, our ammunition was now reduced to a few charges, otherwise we would have had no fears of living there for some time.

With the one exception, we were all

very weak, and much reduced from long starvation. Our veteran, Pierre, who had done such noble service with his paddle, now staggered in his walk; and as we were trudging up from the shore, he fell, from sheer exhaustion, and had difficulty in regaining his feet. Now in camp, however, and with the means of procuring food for at least two or three days, we were in a position to rest and gain strength, though poor Michel suffered greatly from his frozen feet, as did also his brother Louis from our common malady.

About one o'clock on the afternoon of our third day at this camp, as we were all seated within our tents enjoying our dinner of boiled ptarmigan, my brother and I were startled by hearing some one exclaim "Halloo Jim!" The eagerness with which we scrambled over dinner and dishes to our tent door can better be imagined than described, and upon looking out, sure enough, there was Jim returning.

Was he alone? No, thank Heaven! Behind him a moment later emerged from the woods other strange men, followed by teams of dogs and sleds. One after the other there came scamp-ering along no less than four teams, hauling long empty sleds capable of furnishing accommodation for our whole outfit. As they drew up at our camp, Jim advanced and handed us letters from the trader and Mr. and Mrs. Lofthouse—the missionary and his wife—whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making on two former visits to Churchill. The letters were not mere expressions of sympathy, but were accompanied by such provisions as we might require until we should all reach the Fort. It would be difficult to describe our feelings upon this occasion—the termination of our many hardships.

After a hard two-days' tramp through the deep snow, Jim and John had reached Fort Churchill, where they had found kind friends ready to send us assistance. Dog teams had

been placed at their disposal, provisions supplied, and early on the morning of the same day on which they had found us, the train had set out for our relief.

With light sleds they had travelled at a rapid pace over the thirty miles of snowy plains which were found to still separate us from our haven. Another day of good travel in our canoes would have taken us in, but this was not afforded us.

With as little delay as possible preparations were begun for our sled journey to the Fort on the following day. Canoes were hauled up from the shore, where we had been obliged to leave them, and loaded upon two of the sleds. Camp outfit and provisions were loaded upon the others, and as far as possible everything was made ready for an early start in the morning.

Long before daylight camp was astir, breakfast was partaken of by the light of the camp-fire, and at the first streaks of dawn, our crippled party, loaded upon the dog-sleighs, was wending its way to Churchill. The snow being very soft at this early season, the travelling was heavy and comparatively slow, but being anxious to make the Fort in the one day, the teams were urged on. At a sheltered spot, rather more than half-way to Churchill, a brief halt was made for dinner and to rest the dogs, but without allowing the usual time for a smoke, we again pushed on.

At three o'clock in the afternoon we reached the bottom of Button's Bay, and thence shaping our course north-easterly, we arrived, about two hours later, at the base of a long range of rocky hills. For some time we skirted the foot of these until, reaching a low place in the ridge, we turned up the steep pass, and after a short climb to the crest we found ourselves within full view of Fort Churchill. Though consisting of only four or five old frame buildings, the sight to us was one of profound satisfaction, and for a moment we paused on the summit of the ridge to take in the realities of the situation.

Little time, however, was afforded for reflection, for at the crack of the driver's whip the teams bounded forward, galloped down the steep slope, and, without slackening their pace, sped across the plains below, until they came to a halt in front of the house of the Hudson Bay Company's trader.

Presently a tall young Scotchman came out to receive us, introducing himself as Mr. Matheson, the Master of the Fort. We felt a little taken aback upon at once being asked how long we expected to remain; however, we arranged with him for quarters and rations for our men, and board for ourselves, until such time as we might be able to continue our journey on snowshoes.

J. W. Tyrrell.

THE END.



JOHN RUSKIN AS A POLITICAL ECONOMIST.

W. J. LHAMON, M.A.

IN his preface to "Munera Pulveris" Mr. Ruskin tells us quite frankly his experience in getting before the English public as a political economist. He began a series of papers in the *Cornhill Magazine*, the editor being his friend. The outcry against them became such that upon the appearance of the third number the editor wrote him in great distress and with many apologies that he could admit but one more political economy essay. He took the liberty of making this longer than the rest, giving to it "such blunt conclusion as he could," and, using his own words, "the *Cornhill* public was protected for that time against further disturbance on his part."

These four essays now stand in his published works under the general caption, "Unto This Last," suggested evidently by Christ's parable in which he represents the householder as paying the same wages to each of the late and early workers in his vineyard, and justifying himself by saying, "I will give unto this last even as unto thee. It is lawful for me to do what I will with mine own."

The respective titles of these delightfully disquieting essays are, "The Roots of Honor," "The Veins of Wealth," "Qui Judicatis Terram," and "Ad Valorem." On reading them from the standpoint of applied Christianity, or the Biblical notion of man's rightful bearing toward man, and remembering that the English people are supposed to have been schooled from the time of St. Augustine and his monks in such notions, one wonders why they should have so disturbed "the *Cornhill* public." This happened in 1860. Mr. Ruskin did not cease to write because certain people made up their minds to dislike

him. No true prophet ever did. In 1863, he published "Munera Pulveris," and unless his critics had changed their opinions meanwhile materially, he must have enjoyed their dislike in a manifold degree.

But the times change, whether great men's critics do or not. Here is the deliberately expressed opinion of Mr. Alfred Ewen Fletcher, editor of the *London Daily Chronicle*, as to Ruskin's place in the world of political economy. The extract is from a speech delivered before the Grinde-wald Conference in 1894:

"You ask me to define a living wage. I frankly tell you I cannot. The living wage to me is a living principle, which is—that wages shall govern contracts, and not contracts wages, and that the capitalists shall not be allowed to enter into cut-throat competition with the assumption that they shall recoup themselves from loss by taking it out of wages. We are told that the principle is contrary to political economy. It is not contrary to the political economy of the New Testament, which is quite good enough for me, and I am prepared to say quite good enough for the greatest and most scientific of political economists, John Ruskin. Ruskin thirty years ago published his great work, 'Unto This Last,' and the people said, Mr. Ruskin may be a very great art critic but he should not write about what he does not understand. Now they say, after thirty years experience of this political economy according to the Gospel, Mr. Ruskin is not an art critic, but a great economist."

Still further, in the preface to "Munera Pulveris," Mr. Ruskin gives us a confession, in substance without reserve, and in form completely beautiful, of his indebtedness to Carlyle. He inscribes the work to him, calls him his "friend and guide in all chief labor," and says, "I would that some better means were in my power of showing reverence to the man who alone, of all our masters of literature, has written, without thought of himself, what he knew it to be needful for the people of his time to hear, if

the will to hear were in them; whom, therefore, as the time draws near when his task must be ended, Republican and free-thoughted England assaults with impatient reproach; and out of the abyss of her cowardice in policy and dishonor in trade, sets the hacks of her literature to speak evil, grateful to her ears, of the Solitary Teacher who has asked her to be brave for the help of man, and just for the love of God."

So Ruskin sends us to Carlyle for political economy, and if any of us had not thought of going there before we had better immediately upon his advice make a pilgrimage thither. "Sartor Resartus" may be read, but "Past and Present" must be if we would reach the fundamentals of the science as Ruskin esteems them. There are a certain half dozen of Carlyle's short chapters, which, if they were digested and assimilated by our pulpits and parliaments, and above all by our "Mill-owning Aristocracy," would revolutionize a good deal of our misdirected social thinking and practice. Let us say, "The Gospel of Mammonism," "The Gospel of Diletantism," "The English," "Un-working Aristocracy," "Working Aristocracy," "Democracy," "The Captains of Industry," and "Permanence,"—these chapters, and a few others for which the digestion of these will bring on the appetite, would be an excellent diet for both Canada and the United States with their drunken, mammonistic "Sir Jabesh Windbags," now and again uppermost in parliament. Unfortunately the hell that Carlyle discovered, what he calls the "Hell of the English," the "hell of not making money," has been too generally extended since his time, and the Americans as well as the English have their "cash payment the sole nexus," and their "supply and demand the sole law of nature," and their "paroxysms of prosperity on the old methods of competition and devil take the hindmost," paroxysms to be followed inevitably by

paroxysms of adversity, when the devil does take the hindmost, and the foremost too, of our once happily employed working men, and sends them to gutters and back alleys to pick rags, or puts them to sleep, after thin soup, among the vermin in an eight-cent lodging house, or boards them in prisons for specified times, thereafter turning them out penniless to beg or steal or starve.

Somebody has felicitously called Carlyle a good Old Testament Christian. The phrase is a contradiction in terms; but perhaps for that reason all the more pertinent. If there could be such a nondescript as an Old Testament Christian, Carlyle was that. He echoes the thunders of Sinai, but he does not repeat the prayers of Golgotha. Here is his merit, and his demerit. Since the former is so great, let us in charity not emphasize the latter.

But Ruskin, when he tells us the whole truth about himself, had other masters than Carlyle, one of them greater than any man. In "Fors Clavigera," Letter X., he makes a clean breast of himself, pretty much as follows, quoting and paraphrasing:

"You have perhaps been provoked, in the course of these letters, by not being able to make out what I was. It is time you should know, and I will tell you plainly. I am, and my father was before me, a violent Tory of the old school (Walter Scott's school, that is to say, and Homer's). I name these two of numberless great Tory writers, because they were my own two masters. I had Walter Scott's novels and the Iliad (Pope's translation) for my only reading, when I was a child, on week days; on Sundays their effect was tempered by Robinson Crusoe and Pilgrim's Progress, my mother having it deeply in her heart to make an evangelical clergyman of me. Fortunately, I had an aunt more evangelical than my mother, and my aunt gave me cold mutton for my Sunday dinners, which, as I much preferred it hot, greatly diminished the influence of Pilgrim's Progress, and the end of the matter was that I got all the noble imaginative teaching of Pope and Defoe, and yet I am not an evangelical clergyman.

"I had, however, still better teaching than theirs, and that compulsorily, and every day in the week. My mother forced me by steady, daily toil, to learn long chapters of the Bible by heart, as well as to read it every syllable through aloud, hard names and all, from Genesis to the Apocalypse, about once a year. To

that discipline I owe my power of taking pains, and the best part of my taste in literature, and might have been led from Walter Scott and Homer to Johnston's English, or Gibson's, but once having known the 32nd of Deuteronomy, the 119th Psalm, the 15th of First Corinthians, the Sermon on the Mount, and the most of the Apocalypse, every syllable by heart, and having always a way of thinking with myself what words meant, it was not possible for me, even in the foolish times of youth, to write entirely superficial or formal English."

In any adequate statement, therefore, of the factors that go to make a Ruskin, the childhood memorising of the Sermon on the Mount and the 15th chapter of First Corinthians must not be left out. Walter Scott and Defoe, and Bunyan and Carlyle may be there, but Christ and the resurrection of Christ are also there. But what have Christ and the resurrection of Christ to do with political economy? Much every way. Whoever does not believe it let him read Ruskin till he does.

It is all but impossible to make a complete classification of Ruskin's writings on political economy. The chiefest are, "Unto this Last," "Munera Pulveris," and "Fors Clavigera." The latter consists of numerous letters to working men, covering a period of ten years, from 1871 to 1881. But you will find political economy like the grains of gold in its native quartz almost anywhere in his writings. In his "Arrows of the Chase," in "A Joy Forever," in "Lectures on Art," in "The Two Paths," even in "The Stones of Venice," and quite frequently in his miscellaneous writings are to be found iteration and reiteration of the author's political economy convictions.

If classification is difficult, characterization is more so. None but a master artist in the use of words, and a genius as original, as sparkling and as daring as his own could succeed in an attempted faithful description of his ways of coming at the matter. The very titles of his most distinctive chapters are conundrums. You must figure them out, sometimes at a good deal of pains. For "Munera Pulveris" you must go to the 28th Ode

of Horace, and then very likely polish up your Latin for a week before you get his meaning. "Fors Clavigera" he explains at length himself, or you might never guess what he means by it. But think of his writing letters to working men for years under this caption, and pouncing at them, or more especially one may guess, at some other bodies through them, from every imaginable standpoint of history, art, classical literature, mythology, science, philosophy, the daily papers, the Christian religion, the follies of royalty, and the sufferings of poverty! One is liable to meet anybody in these letters, from Zoroaster and the Eastern Magi to Weng Chin, the latest Chinaman merchant up to date hanged by a Los Angeles mob; and from "the fine ladies in the Queen's concert, sitting so trimly, and looking so sweet, and doing the whole duty of woman—wearing their fine clothes gracefully; and the pretty singer, white throated, warbling 'Home, sweet Home' to them, morally and melodiously," to the wanderers of the street, the "canaille," going their way to *their poor home*—"bitter sweet"; "Cuvrier and petrouleuse—prisoners at last—glaring wild, on their way to die." These are wonderful letters. They are the store-house of a magician; but they are the sermons also of a seer, the warnings of a prophet, and the pathetic pleadings of a father.

And all the while there is the charm of his wonderful English. John Ruskin's mother tongue is the toy of his playful moods, the lightning and the thunder of his prophetic moods, the arsenal inexhaustible of his soldierly moods, the ring and robe of his fatherly moods, and always the perfect transparency of his thought. Professor Frederic Harrison, writing in the *Nineteenth Century* of last year, speaks of Ruskin's prose after this style: "Milton began, and once or twice completed, such a resounding voluntary on his glorious organ. But neither Milton, nor Brown, nor Jeremy

Taylor, was yet quite master of the noble instrument. Ruskin, who comes after two centuries further of continuous progress in their art, is the master of the sublime instrument of prose. And though it be true that too often, in wanton defiance of calm judgment, he flings to the winds his self-control, he has achieved in this rare and perilous art some amazing triumphs over language, such as the whole history of our literature cannot match."

Ruskin is essentially a poet, only he has not taken the trouble to make his thoughts jingle. This is why so many prosy people were taken by surprise when Mr. Gladstone appointed him poet laureate three years ago. But the really funny thing escaped the critics. That John Ruskin should be appointed at a fixed yearly stipend to sing a sonnet or write an ode every time a sprig of royalty died or was born—this was the thing to be stared at and smiled at. However, such prose can come only from the soul of a poet. The insight, the music, the passion, the command of materials, the creative genius are all there; but, impatient of metre and rhyme, this essential poet flings his work broadcast in the form of rich and resistless prose, and lo! we in our stupidity sit waiting for a Gladstone to tell us that our hero is really a poet.

But if Ruskin is a poet, why should he meddle with a matter so prosy and supposedly scientific as political economy? That, now, is the question first uppermost in the mind of every purely materialistic, or legalistic, or mammonistic, or mechanical patent-right adjuster of the affairs of men with men. And the answer, bluntly, is simply this: Nobody but the essential poets, including the actual ones, should meddle with such matters on any great scale. They alone must be the masters, the fountain head, the light of the world, and the bread of life on such matters. Ten chances to one the economist who has neither insight nor sentiment will propose to

right up the wrongs among men in some purely mechanical or legalistic way, seriously advocating as his panacea government levers, and bands, and pulleys, and cog-wheels; government factories and store-houses; and railroads, and pneumatic tubes, and telephones, and trundle-beds. He would sing you to sleep with a government fiddle and rouse you to work with a government whistle, and expect you to be supremely happy. Mrs. Brown-ing should be high authority with us here:

"A starved man exceeds a fat beast;

We'll not barter, sir,
The beautiful for barley. And even so
I hold you will not compass your poor ends of
Of barley feeding and material ease
Without the poet's individualism to move
Your universal.

It takes a soul to move a body;
It takes a high-souled man
To move the masses even to a cleaner sty;
It takes the ideal to blow a hair's breadth off
The dust of the actual. Ah, your Fouriers
failed

Because not poets enough to understand
That life develops from within."

Before attempting a statement of Ruskin's value as a political economist it is needful to note that he had some eccentricities. He quarrelled needlessly with steam power and its smokestacks, with railroads and the general multiplication of machinery. He could have no patience with the itch for rushing off somewhere at the rate of a mile a minute if you had nothing to do when you got there. He complains that they have turned every river in England into a common sewer, "so that you cannot so much as baptize an English baby but with filth, unless you hold its face out in the rain; and even that," he says, hitting at the coal smoke from boiler furnaces,—"even that falls dirty." In his fifth "Fors" he declares that no machines will increase the possibilities of life, but that they do increase the possibilities of idleness. Sometimes of late one is tempted to believe him in that. In this same "Fors" he proposes to give a tenth of his property, asking any others who will to

join him, for the purchase of English lands to be made over in perpetuity to English people, who would take them and live on them and till them with their own hands, "and such help of force as could be found in wind and wave." "We will have no steam-engines on it," he declares, "and no railroads. We will have no untended and unthought-of creatures on it; none wretched but the sick; none idle but the dead. We will have no liberty upon it, but instant obedience to known law and appointed persons; no equality upon it, but instant recognition of every betterness that we can find and reprobation of every worseness." Such a strange commingling of generous, old-fashioned Hebrew tithing, and heroic, John Bull conservativeness it would be hard to find in any smaller man than John Ruskin, and a greater than he would probably have foreseen the futility, if not the folly, of a struggle against machinery. He has a mighty soul of love for the people, and he mourns with a father's tears for them in their oppression, their hunger, their rags, their sins, and their enforced idleness. He pleads for their homes, their lands, their schools and their churches with eloquence and pathos, and a power of rebuke all but inspired. He demands of the people that they obey their appointed leaders, but he does not say from whom the appointed shall leaders receive their appointment. He is no democrat. He would not trust the people in order that he might rule them, but he would rather rule them in order that he might trust them. He does not like American institutions. His Tory blood is too thick for that. In this respect he falls below the great leaders of democracy, and far below the greatest of his acknowledged great masters, for of all the teachers in this world the very greatest was the first great Democrat. Contrast John Ruskin for a moment with Wendell Phillips. The latter is easily one of

the greatest of American reformers. He held with John Bright, "that the first five hundred men who pass in the Strand would make as good a parliament as that which sits at St. Stephens." He believed in the people, and when they mobbed him he went on appealing to them, expecting that their to-morrow would rectify their to-day. The lack of this trust is Ruskin's deficiency, and in respect to it, and perhaps in this respect alone, he is to be followed more cautiously than Benjamin Kidd, and such leaders as see clearly that there can be no permanent industrial brotherhood except as it is based upon a permanent brotherhood of the ballot box. We may well believe Henry George when he says that, "between democratic ideas and the aristocratic adjustments of society there is an irreconcilable conflict."

The value of Ruskin's economical teachings is precisely the value of his art teachings. He is wholly, and emphatically, and uncompromisingly ethical and spiritual everywhere and always. Mere formal art, or "art for art's sake" as the materialists and sensualists will have it, is his abomination unutterable, even spite of his powers of utterance. But art for the ideal, for faith and hope and love, for the human hand and head and heart that are back of it, and for the one God who is good and eternal back of these—real art, that is, was adopted by him, and inculcated, and defended, and by every possibility of his life advanced. He believes in souls as well as bodies, in the immortals quite as much as in mortals, in the actually eternal side by side with the actually temporal, and in such a God as is both Father and Judge, and who demands of his children that they be both brothers and guardians one of another. Economically speaking, it is the mission of Ruskin to "put a soul beneath the ribs of death."

The first pages of "Unto this Last," are an index to all that he has writ-

ten. He calls the science of political economy, "*soi-disant*," based as he says it is, "on the idea that an advantageous code of social action may be determined irrespectively of the influence of social affection." On this he observes, "I neither impugn nor doubt the conclusions of the science, if its terms are accepted. I am simply uninterested in them, as I should be in those of a science of gymnastics which assumed that men had no skeletons. It might be shown on that supposition, that it would be advantageous to roll the students up into pellets, flatten them into cakes, or stretch them into cables; and that when these results were effected the re-insertion of the skeleton would be attended with various inconveniences to their constitution. The reasonings might be admirable, and the conclusions true, and the science deficient only in applicability. Modern political economy stands on a precisely similiar basis. Assuming, not that the human being has no skeleton, but that it is all skeleton, it founds an ossifiant theory of progress on this negation of a soul. And having shown the utmost that may be made of bones, and constructed a number of interesting geometrical figures with death's heads and humeri, successfully proves the inconvenience of the reappearance of a soul among these corpuscular structures. I do not deny the truth of this theory; I simply deny its applicability to the present phase of the world." He claims that this "*soi-disant science*" of political economy treats the working man or the servant as though he were a machine whose motive power might be "steam, gravitation, magnetism, or any other agent of calculable force." "But," he says, "he being on the contrary an engine whose motive power is a soul, the force of this very peculiar agent as an unknown quantity, enters into all the political economist's equations, without his knowledge, and falsifies every one of his results. The largest quantity of work will not be done by this curious en-

gine for pay, or under pressure, or by the help of any kind of fuel which may be applied by the chaldron. It will be done only when the motive, that is to say, the will, or spirit of the creature, is brought to its greatest strength by its own proper fuel; namely, by the affections."

This position is cardinal with him. But he does not claim originality for it. He claims rather a noble and ancient advocacy of it, that of Plato, and Aristotle, and Cicero, and Horace, and Moses, and Christ. "The Roots of Honor" strike themselves into this soil, and they do not draw their substance, therefore, from selfishness, but from self-sacrifice, so that the merchant can never be honored as the soldier is, or the physician, till he holds his life and his fortune, upon due occasion, in jeopardy for his community and his country. If in case of national peril men are willing to put their bodies in the front rank of battle for the love of their country, men should also be willing to put their fortunes at the disposal of the national treasury, refusing interest.

In this connection still you must be asked to hear his conclusion to the chapter entitled "The Veins of Wealth." It is a marvellously beautiful bit of English, and its teachings should not be unpalatable.

"In fact it may be discovered that the true veins of wealth are purple—and not in the Rock, but in the Flesh—perhaps even that the final outcome and consummation of all wealth is in the producing of as many as possible full-breathed, bright-eyed, and happy hearted human creatures. Our modern wealth, I think, has rather a tendency the other way;—most political economists appearing to consider multitudes of human creatures not conducive to wealth, or at least conducive to it only by remaining in a dim-eyed and narrow-chested state of being. Nevertheless, it is open, I repeat, to serious question, which I leave to the reader's pondering, whether, among national manufactures, that of souls of a good quality may not turn out a quite leadingly lucrative one? Nay, in some far-away and yet undreamt-of hour, I can even imagine that England may cast all thoughts of possessive wealth back to the barbaric nations among whom they first arose; and that while the sands of Indus, and adamant of Golconda may yet stiffen the housings of the charger and flash from the turban of the slave, she, as a Christain mother, may at least attain

to the virtues and the treasures of a heathen one, and be able to lead forth her sons, saying, —These are my Jewels."

In "*Munera Pulveris*" there is given his definitions of wealth, money, and riches. In the preface to this book he says with a sort of reckless candor as regards his own estimate of his own work, "The following pages contain, I believe, the first accurate analysis of the laws of political economy which have been published in England." He claims that the "Fine Arts" are products of the highest industry, and that no one unacquainted with them could make an exhaustive examination of the subject. More than once he makes rare sport of John Stuart Mill, flatly contradicting him, or reducing him to an interrogation point, or still worse to an absurdity, according as his mood and the occasion may direct. But Mill is only one of many for whose great names Mr. Ruskin has no reverence. He bunches the whole school of modern political economists together under the charge that they are, "without exception, incapable of apprehending the nature of intrinsic value at all."

Emphasis is laid upon these definitions of wealth, money, and riches. "Wealth consists of things in themselves valuable; money, of documentary claims to the possession of such things; and riches is a relative term, expressing the magnitude of the possessions of one person or society as compared with those of other persons or societies." It follows that "the study of wealth belongs to natural science; of money, to commercial science; and of riches, to moral science." It is infinitely and diabolically stupid in the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Goldwin Smith, and John Stuart Mill, and the press writers generally to imagine that the increase of money is the increase of wealth, or of prosperity. "If all the money in the world," he says, "notes and gold, were destroyed in an instant, it would leave the world neither richer nor poorer

than it was. But it would leave the individual inhabitants of it in different relations."

Riches being relative, the correlative is poverty. The question of getting rich is simply that of creating an inequality in one's own favor. The ways of doing this involve highly moral questions. In the case of the multi-millionaire, for instance, you have to ascertain not only how he came to be such, but how the correlative paupers, or pinched day-laborers all around him came to be such.

In the chapter on "Store Keeping" we are taught with much persuasion, and a good deal of reason, that the store-keeper has no right to speculate; but that he has a right to be paid for his trouble in transferring articles of value from the man who does not want them to the one who does.

In the chapter on "Commerce," his radical free trade principles get themselves well hinted at. Here characteristic quotations are due to the reader.

"It will be discovered in due course of time and tide that international value is regulated just as inter-provincial or inter-parishional value is. Coals and hops are exchanged between Northumberland and Kent on absolutely the same principles as iron and wine between Lancashire and Spain. The greater breadth of an of the sea increases the cost, but does not modify the principle of exchange; and a bargain written in two languages will have no other economical results than a bargain written in one. The distances of nations are measured not by seas but by ignorance; and their divisions determined not by dialects but by enmities. . . . One law of international value is maintainable in any form; namely, that the farther your neighbor lives from you, the more you are bound to be true in your dealing with him; because your power over him is greater in proportion to his ignorance, and his remedy more difficult in proportion to his distance."

Now we may call that with equal propriety international economy, or free-trade, or a Ruskinian rendering of the Golden Rule.

Here is an exceedingly choice bit of satire on the subject of debt and war. Professor Faucett, it seems, had been teaching English capitalists that the national indebtedness incurred by wars, and the consequent necessity of bor-

rowing laid upon the nation, was the proper and wholesome solution of the question of the investment of their capital. Led by this teaching, the capitalists, so Ruskin moralizes, "when they do not know what to do with their money, persuade the peasants in various countries, that the said peasants want guns to shoot each other with. The peasants accordingly borrow guns, out of the manufacture of which the capitalists get a percentage, and the men of science much amusement and credit. Then the peasants shoot a certain number of each other till they get tired; and burn each other's homes down in various places. Then they put the guns back in arsenals, towers, etc., in ornamental patterns; (and the victorious party puts also some ragged flags in the churches.) And then the capitalists tax both parties annually ever afterward to pay interest on the loan of the guns and gunpowder. And that is what capitalists call 'knowing what to do with their money;' and what commercial men generally call 'practical' as opposed to 'sentimental' political economy."

One other point of great moment must be named. Ruskin reinforces the Mosaic law against interest, or the Increasing of capital by lending it. interest is usury, and usury is theft. For a long time, he says, this problem of interest baffled him, but he wrought it out at last to his satisfaction with the help of a Mr. W. C. Sillar, though he greatly regrets the impatience that causes Mr. Sillar to regard usury as the capital crime in political economy. He thinks there are others worse that act with it. His definition of interest, apart from compensation for risk, is this: "The exponent of the comfort of accomplished labor, separated from its power, the power being what is lent." That is, the lender gets the comfort due to work without doing the work; he gets something for nothing. But there is an objection; without inter-

est men would not save, and capital would not accumulate. Have men, then, not even the prudence of mice, "to hoard for use and not for usury, and lay by something for winter nights, in expectation rather of sharing than of lending the scrapings? My Savoyard squirrels would pass a pleasant time of it under the snow-laden pine branches if they always declined to economise because no one would pay them interest on nuts." For further material upon this question reference must be made especially to the 68th "Fors." A half dozen lines from it must suffice as giving his own summary of the matter. "In all possible or conceivable cases, the moment our capital is increased by having lent it, be it but in the estimation of a hair, that hair's breadth of increase is usury, just as much as stealing a farthing is theft, no less than stealing a million."

Since rent is but a form of interest, the tenant should own the house when by his monthly payments of rent he has returned to the capitalist his principal with compensation for trouble and risk; but no increase of the capital itself, for that is usury.

What appalling, and possibly beneficent, revolutions such economy would work among our big millionaires and our small shop-keepers and farmers must be left for the most part to the imaginations of such as are capable of dreaming on such subjects. But before leaving the question, here is an application of the multiplication table to help the dreams. One million dollars at compound interest, at six per cent., doubles in less than twelve years. In less than twenty-four years it is four millions; in less than thirty-six, eight; in less than forty-eight, sixteen; in less than sixty, thirty-two; in less than seventy-two, sixty-four; in less than eighty-four, one hundred and twenty-eight; in less than ninety-six, two hundred and fifty-six millions! Now while this million is becoming two hundred and fifty-six millions,

what are the father and son and grandson doing? Either scraping along on the interest of some other hoarded million or more, or else living as misers and compounding it likewise. Be sure they are not earning a cent, or adding a nickel to the national wealth. Such mathematics has the effect at the very least of turning one back for a second reading of the 68th "Fors," and also of the 25th chapter of Leviticus, verses 25 to 38. At any rate our political economy seems to be running about as follows: monopoly, speculation, interest, multi-millionaires, multi-millions of the poor and of paupers, and of people that are pinched.

As to Ruskin's influence. He is considered an enigma by some; a charlatan by some; an "irresponsible joker" by some; and a prophet, all but inspired, by increasing numbers. His father was a wine merchant, and was horrified at his son's political heresies. Carlyle was delighted when Ruskin raised his voice, for hitherto he had felt himself alone in the wilderness, like a veritable John the Baptist, crying aloud and sparing not; now he had found more than an echo. The estimate of the editor of *The London Daily Chronicle* has already been quoted at length to the effect that Ruskin is the greatest and most scientific of political economists. We are told that the sale of his books is increasing year by year. In many places there are Ruskin clubs, and one is reported, the members of which rise at seven o'clock in the morning to read his works. A writer in the *National Review*, for February, '95, says that the old political economy stands not where it did, and that Ruskin and Carlyle have been dissolvent forces. Most of the practical things for which Ruskin pleaded while others hooted, such as government training-schools for youth, government work-shops for the unemployed, compulsory labor for the idle, and government provision for the old and destitute, have either been incorporated, in one way or another,

into the social workings of England, (so Mr. E. T. Cook says in the article referred to,) or have passed from the region of "Ruskinian sentiment" to that of parliamentary debate. The state is beginning to look to her "soldiers of the plowshare" as well as to her "soldiers of the sword." The agitation for a living wage has its inception in Ruskin's teachings, and not a little of the land question agitation also may be traced to him, for he says the land should belong to him who can and will use it. "Property to whom proper."

In 1885, Tennyson, Browning, Lowell, Holmes, Bishops Lightfoot and Westcott, many University Professors, and the Head Masters of many schools united in the presentation of a complimentary address to Ruskin. The following paragraph conveys their estimate of him:

"Those of us who have made special study of economic and social subjects desire to convey to you our deep sense of the value of your work in these subjects, pre-eminently in its enforcement of the doctrines: (1). That political economy can furnish sound laws to national life and work only when it respects the dignity and moral worth of man. (2). That the wide use of wealth in developing a complete human life is of incomparably greater moment, both to men and nations, than its production or accumulation, and can alone give these any vital significance. (3). That honourable performance of duty is more truly just than rigid enforcement of right, and that not in competition but in helpfulness, not in self assertion, but in reverence, is to be found the power of life."

With the assurance of such names the writer of this little paper promises "veins of wealth," not of money surely, nor of riches in the vulgar sense, to such as will go down into the Ruskin mine, and dig there. Our conclusion shall be our great man's own conclusion of "Unto this Last:"

"And if, on due and honest thought over these things, it seems that the kind of existence to which men are now summoned by every plea of pity and claim of right, may, for some time at least, not be a luxurious one;—consider whether, even supposing it guiltless, luxury would be desired by any of us, if we saw clearly at our sides the suffering that accompanies it in the world. Luxury is indeed possible in the future—innocent and exquisite; luxury for all by the help of all. But luxury at present can only be enjoyed by the ignorant. The cruellest man living could not sit at his feast unless he sat blindfold. Raise the veil bodi-

ly; face the light; and if yet the light of the eye can only be through tears, and the light of the body through sackcloth, go thou forth weeping, bearing precious seed, until the time come, and the kingdom, when Christ's gift of bread and bequest of peace shall be UNTO THIS LAST even as unto thee; and when, for earth's severed multitudes of the wicked and the weary, there shall be holier reconciliation than that of the narrow home and calm economy, where the wicked cease—not from trouble, but from troubling—and the weary are at rest."

W. J. Lhamon.

THE WEIRDS.

Up on the hills they dwell—
The Weirds, aerial.

In their wigwams there
They fashion out of air

Dreams for the folk who dwell
All winter in the dell.

They sit against the sun,
And make them, one by one.

There on the mountain top
Where all the planets drop,

And all the stars that fly,
Scrape 'twixt them and the sky.

The fashion fantasies
As playful as the breeze,

That come to us in dreams—
Bell-toned, like mountain streams.

Visions of Lorelie
They weave, and waft to me.

Dream-faces, bending low,
With brows and chins of snow,

And eyes that burn sea-green,
And lips with love between.

They lean against the moon
And chant a lifeless tune,

And make us dreams that start
The numbness at the heart;

We strangle, in our flight
From weir-wolves of the night.

.

Mixed cups for us who dwell,
All winter in the dell,

Under the Weirds, and Stars,
And Fashioners of Wars.

THEODORE ROBERTS.



KATE GARNEGIE.*

BY IAN MACLAREN, AUTHOR OF "BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH" AND "IN THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE FEAR OF GOD.

IT was the way of the Free Kirk that the assisting minister at the Sacrament should sit behind the Communion Table during the sermon, and the congregation, without giving the faintest sign of observation, could estimate its effect on his face. When Doctor Dowbiggin composed himself to listen as became a Church leader of substantial build—his hands folded before him and his eyes fixed on the far window—and was so arrested by the opening passage of Cunningham's sermon on Justification by Faith that he visibly started, and afterward sat sideways with his ears cocked, Drumtochty, while doubtful whether any Muirtown man could appreciate the subtlety of their minister, had a higher idea of the Doctor; and when the Free Kirk minister of Kildrummie—a stout man and given to agricultural pursuits—went fast asleep under a masterly discussion of the priesthood of Melchisedek, Drumtochty's opinion of the intellectual condition of Kildrummie was confirmed beyond argument.

During his ministry of more than twenty years the Rabbi had never preached at Drumtochty—being fearful that he might injure the minister who invited him, or might be so restricted in time as to lead astray by ill-balanced statements—and as the keenest curiosity would never have induced any man to go from the Glen to worship in another parish, the Free Kirk minister of Kilbogie was still unjudged in Drumtochty. They were not sorry to have the opportunity at

last, for they had suffered not a little at the hands of Kilbogie in past years, and the coming event disturbed the flow of business at Muirtown market.

"Ye're tae hae the Doctor at laist," Mains said to Netherton—letting the luck-penny on a transaction in seed-corn stand over—"an' a'm jidgin' the time's no been lost. He's plainer an' easier tae follow than he wes at the affgo. Ma word"—contemplating the exercise before the Glen—"but ye 'ill aye get eneuch here and there tae cairry hame." Which shows what a man the Rabbi was, that on the strength of his possession a parish like Kilbogie could speak after this fashion to Drumtochty.

"He 'ill hae a fair trial, Mains"—Netherton's tone was distinctly severe—"an' mony a trial he's hed in his day they say: wes't three an' twenty kirks he preached in, afore ye took him? But mind ye, length's nae standard in Drumtochty; na, na, it's no hoo'muckle wind a man has, but what like is the stuff that comes. It's bushels doon bye, but it's wecht up bye."

Any prejudice against the Rabbi, created by the boasting of a foolish parish not worthy of him, was reduced by his venerable appearance before the pulpit, and quite dispelled by his unfeigned delight in Carmichael's conduct of the "preliminaries." Twice he nodded approval to the reading of the hundredth Psalm, and although he stood with covered face during the prayer, he emerged full of sympathy. As his boy read the 53rd of Isaiah the old man was moved well-nigh to tears, and on the giving out of the text from the parable of the Prodigal Son, the Rabbi closed his eyes with great ex-

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pectation as one about to be fed with the finest of the wheat.

Carmichael has kept the sermon unto this day, and as often as he finds himself growing hard or supercilious, reads it from beginning to end. It is his hair shirt, to be worn from time to time next his soul for the wrongness in it and the mischief it did. He cannot understand how he could have said such things on a Sacrament morning and in the presence of the Rabbi, but indeed they were inevitable. When two tides meet there is ever a cruel commotion, and ships are apt to be dashed on the rocks, and Carmichael's mind was in a "jabble" that day. The new culture, with its wider ideas of God and man, was fighting with the robust Calvinism in which every Scot is saturated, and the result was neither peace nor charity. Personally the lad was kindly and good-natured, intellectually he had become arrogant, intolerant, acrid, flinging out at old-fashioned views, giving quite unnecessary challenges, arguing with imaginary antagonists. It has ever seemed to me, although I suppose that history is against me, that if it be laid on any one to advocate a new view that will startle people, he ought of all men to be conciliatory and persuasive; but Carmichael was, at least in this time of fermentation, very exasperating and pugnacious, and so he drove the Rabbi to the only hard action of his life, wherein the old man suffered most, and which may be said to have led to his death.

Carmichael, like the Rabbi, had intended to preach that morning on the love of God, and thought he was doing so with some power. What he did was to take the Fatherhood of God and use it as a stick to beat Pharisees with, and under Pharisees he let it be seen that he included every person who still believed in the inflexible action of the moral laws and the austere majesty of God. Many good things he no doubt said, but each had an edge, and it cut deeply into the people

of the old school. Had he seen the Rabbi, it would not have been possible for him to continue, but he was conscious only of Lachlan Campbell, with whom he had then a feud, and who, he imagined, had come to criticise him. So he went on his rasping way that Sacrament morning, as when one harrows the spring earth with iron teeth, exciting himself with every sentence to fresh crudities of thought and extravagances of opposition. But it only flashed on him that he had spoken foolishly when he came down from the pulpit, and found the Rabbi a shrunken figure in his chair before the Holy Table.

Discerning people, like Elspeth Macfadyen, saw the whole tragedy from beginning to end, and felt the pity of it keenly. For a while the Rabbi waited with fond confidence—for was not he to hear the best loved of his boys—and he caught eagerly at a gracious expression, as if it had fallen from one of the Fathers. Anything in the line of faith would have pleased the Rabbi that day, who was as a little child and full of charity, in spite of his fierce doctrines. By-and-bye the light died away from his eyes, as when a cloud comes over the face of the sun and the Glen grows cold and dreary. He opened his eyes and was amazed—looking at the people and questioning them what had happened to their minister. Suddenly he flushed as a person struck by a friend, and then, as one blow followed another, he covered his face with both hands, sinking lower and lower in his chair, till even that decorous people were almost shaken in their attention.

When Carmichael gave him the cup in the Sacrament, the Rabbi's hand shook, and he spilled some drops of the wine upon his beard, which all that day showed like blood on the silvery whiteness. Afterward he spoke in his turn to the communicants, and distinguished the true people of God from the multitude—to whom he held out no hope—by so many and string-

ent marks that Donald Menzies refused the Sacrament with a lamentable groan. And when the Sacrament was over, and the time come for Carmichael to shake hands with the assisting minister in the vestry, the Rabbi had vanished, and he had no speech with him till they went through the garden together—very bleak it seemed in the winter dusk—unto the sermon that closed the services of the day.

"God's hand is heavy in anger on us both this day, John," and Carmichael was arrested by the awe and sorrow in the Rabbi's voice, "else . . . you had not spoken as you did this forenoon, nor would necessity be laid on me to speak . . . as I must this night.

"His ways are all goodness and truth, but they are oftentimes encompassed with darkness, and the burden He has laid on me is . . . almost more than I can bear; it will be heavy for you also.

"You will drink the wine of astonishment this night, and it will be strange if you do not . . . turn from the hand that pours it out, but you will not refuse the truth or . . . hate the preacher," and at the vestry door the Rabbi looked wistfully at Carmichael.

During the interval the lad had been ill at ease, suspecting from the Rabbi's manner at the Table, and the solemnity of his address, that he disapproved of the action sermon, but he did not for a moment imagine that the situation was serious. It is one of the disabilities of good-natured and emotional people, without much deepness of earth, to belittle the convictions and resolutions of strong natures, and to suppose that they can be talked away by a few pleasant, coaxing words.

The Rabbi had often yielded to Carmichael and his other boys in the ordinary affairs of life—in meat and drink and clothing, even unto the continuance of his snuffing. He had been most manageable and pliable—as a child in their hands—and so Car-

michael was quite confident that he could make matters right with the old man about a question of doctrine as easily as about the duty of a midday meal. Certain bright and superficial people will only learn by some solitary experience that faith is reserved in friendship, and that the most heroic souls are those which count all things loss—even the smile of those they love—for the eternal. For a moment Carmichael was shaken as if a new Rabbi were before him; then he remembered the study of Kilbogie and all things that had happened therein, and his spirits rose.

"How dare you suggest such wickedness, Rabbi, that any of us should ever criticise or complain of anything you say. Whatever you give us will be right, and do us good, and in the evening you will tell me all I said wrong."

Saunderson looked at Carmichael for ten seconds as one who has not been understood and sighed. Then he went down the kirk after the beadle, and the people marked how he walked like a man who was afraid he might fall, and, turning a corner, he supported himself on the end of a pew. As he crept up the pulpit stairs Elspeth gave James a look, and although well accustomed to the slowness of his understanding, was amazed that he did not catch the point. Even a man might have seen that this was not the same minister that came into the Sacrament with hope in his very step.

"A'm no here tae say 'that a kent what wes comin'—Elspeth like all experts, was strictly truthful—"for the like o' that wes never heard in Drumtochty, and noo that Doctor Saunderson is awa, will never be heard again in Scotland. A jaloused that vials wud be opened an' a wesna wrang, but ma certes"—and that remarkable woman left you to understand that no words in human speech could even hint at the contents of the vials.

When the Rabbi gave out his text,

"Vessels of wrath," in a low, awestruck voice, Carmichael began to be afraid, but after a little he chid himself for foolishness. During half an hour the Rabbi traced the doctrine of the Divine Sovereignty through Holy Scripture with a characteristic wealth of allusion to Fathers ancient and reforming, and once or twice he paused as if he would have taken up certain matters at greater length, but restrained himself, simply asserting the Pauline character of St. Augustine's thinking, and exposing the looseness of Clement of Alexandria with a wave of the hand as one hurrying on his destination.

"Dear old Rabbi"—Carmichael congratulated himself in his pew—"what need he have made so many apologies for his subject? He is going to enjoy himself, and he is sure to say something beautiful before he is done." But he was distinctly conscious all the same of a wish that the Rabbi were done and all . . . well, uncertainty over. For there was a note of anxiety, almost of horror, in the Rabbi's voice, and he had not let the Fathers go so lightly unless under severe constraint. What was it? Surely he would not attack their minister in face of his people. . . . The Rabbi do that, who was in all his ways a gentleman? Yet . . . and then the Rabbi abruptly quitted historical exposition and announced that he would speak on four heads. Twice Carmichael, from his corner behind the curtains, saw the old man open his mouth as if to speak, and when at last he began he was quivering visibly, and he had grasped the outer corners of the desk with such intensity that the tassels which hung therefrom—one of the minor glories of the Free Kirk—were held in the palm of his hand, the long red tags escaping from between his white wasted fingers. A pulpit lamp came between Carmichael and the Rabbi's face, but he could see the straining hand, which did not relax till it was lifted in the last awful appeal, and the white and red had a gruesome fascination. It seemed as if

one had clutched a cluster of full, rich tender grapes and was pressing them in an agony till their life ran out in streams of blood and dripped upon the heads of the choir sitting beneath, in their fresh, hopeful youth. And it also came to Carmichael with pathetic conviction even then that every one was about to suffer, but the Rabbi more than they all together. While the preacher was strengthening his heart for the work before him, Carmichael's eye was attracted by the landscape that he could see through the opposite window. The ground sloped upward from the kirk to a pine wood that fringed the great muir, and it was covered with snow on which the moon was beginning to shed her faint, weird light. Within, the light from the upright lamps was falling on the ruddy, contented faces of men and women and little children, but without it was one cold, merciless whiteness like unto the justice of God, with black shadows of judgment.

"This is the message which I have to deliver unto you in the name of the Lord, and even as Jonah was sent to Nineveh after a strange discipline with a word of mercy, so am I constrained against my will to carry a word of searching and trembling.

"First"—and between the heads the Rabbi paused as one whose breath had failed him—"every man belongs absolutely to God by his creation.

"Second. The purpose of God about each man precedes his creation.

"Third. Some are destined to Salvation, and some to Damnation.

"Fourth"—here the hard breathing became a sob—"each man's lot is unto the glory of God."

It was not only skilled theologians like Lachlan Campbell and Burnbrae, but even mere amateurs who understood that they were that night to be conducted to the farthest limit of Calvinism, and that whoever fell behind through the hardness of the way, their guide would not flinch.

As the Rabbi gave the people a

brief space wherein to grasp his heads in their significance, Carmichael remembered a vivid incident in the Presbytery of Muirtown, when an English evangelist had addressed that reverend and austere court with exhilarating confidence—explaining the extreme simplicity of the Christian faith, and showing how a minister ought to preach. Various good men were delighted, and asked many questions of the evangelist—who had kept a baby-linen shop for twenty years, and was unspoiled by the slightest trace of theology—but the Rabbi arose and demolished his “teaching,” convicting him of heresy at every turn, till there was not left one stone upon another.

“But surely fear belongs to the Old Testament dispensation,” said the unabashed little man to the Rabbi afterward. “‘Rejoice,’ you know, my friend, ‘and again I say rejoice.’”

“If it be the will of God that such a man as I should ever stand on the sea of glass mingled with fire, then this tongue will be lifted with the best, but so long as my feet are still in the fearful pit it becometh me to bow my head.”

“Then you don’t believe in assurance?” but already the evangelist was quailing before the Rabbi.

“Verily there is no man that hath not heard of the precious gift, and none who does not covet it greatly, but there be two degrees of assurance”—here the Rabbi looked sternly at the happy, rotund little figure—“and it is with the first you must begin, and what you need to get is assurance of your damnation.”

One of the boys read an account of this incident thinly veiled—in a reported address of the evangelist, in which the Rabbi—being, as it was inferred, beaten in scriptural argument—was very penitent and begged his teacher’s pardon with streaming tears. What really happened was different, and so absolutely conclusive that Doctor Dowbiggin gave it as his opinion “that a valuable lesson had been read

to unauthorized teachers of religion.”

Carmichael recognised the same note in the sermon and saw another man than he knew, as the Rabbi, in a low voice, without heat or declamation, with frequent pauses and laboured breathing, as of one toiling up a hill, argued the absolute supremacy of God and the utter helplessness of man. One hand ever pressed the grapes, but with the other the old man wiped the perspiration that rolled in beads down his face. A painful stillness fell on the people as they felt themselves caught in the meshes of this inexorable net and dragged ever nearer to the abyss. Carmichael, who had been leaning forward in his place, tore himself away from the preacher with an effort, and moved where he could see the congregation. Campbell was drinking in every word as one for the first time in his life perfectly satisfied. Menzies was huddled into a heap in the top of his pew as one justly blasted by the anger of the Eternal. Men were white beneath the tan, and it was evident that some of the women would soon fall a-weeping. Children had crept close to their mothers under a vague sense of danger, and a girl in the choir watched the preacher with dilated eyeballs, like an animal fascinated by terror.

“It is as a sword piercing the heart to receive this truth, but it is a truth and must be believed. There are hundreds of thousands in the past who were born and lived and died and were damned for the glory of God. There are hundreds of thousands in this day who have been born and are living and shall die and be damned for the glory of God. There are hundreds of thousands in the future who shall be born and shall live and shall die and shall be damned for the glory of God. All according to the will of God, and none dare say nay nor change the purpose of the Eternal.” For some time the oil in the lamps had been failing—since the Rabbi had been speaking for nigh two hours—and as he came to an end

of this passage the light began to flicker and die. First a lamp at the end of Burnbrae's pew went out and then another in the front. The preacher made as though he would have spoken, but was silent, and the congregation watched four lamps sink into darkness at intervals of half a minute. There only remained the two pulpit lamps, and in their light the people saw the Rabbi lift his right hand for the first time.

"Shall . . . not . . . the . . . Judge . . . of all the earth . . . do . . . right?" The two lamps went out together, and a great sigh rose from the people. At the back of the kirk a child wailed and somewhere in the front a woman's voice—it was never proved to be Elspeth Macfadyen—said audibly, "God have mercy upon us." The Rabbi had sunk back into the seat and buried his face in his hands, and through the window over his head the moonlight was pouring into the church like unto the far-off radiance from the White Throne.

When Carmichael led the Rabbi into the manse he could feel the old man trembling from head to foot, and he would touch neither meat nor drink, nor would he speak for a space.

"Are you there, John?"—and he put out his hand to Carmichael, who had placed him in the big study chair, and was sitting beside him in silence.

"I dare not withdraw nor change any word that I spake in the name of the Lord this day, but . . . it is my infirmity. . . . I wish I had never been born."

"It was awful," said Carmichael, and the Rabbi's head again fell on his breast.

"John"—and Saunderson looked up—"I would give ten thousand worlds to stand in the shoes of that good man who conveyed me from Kilbogie yesterday, and with whom I had very pleasant fellowship concerning the patience of the saints.

"It becometh not any human being to judge his neighbour, but it seemed

to me from many signs that he was within the election of God, and even as we spoke of Polycarp and the martyrs who have overcome by the blood of the Lamb, it came unto me with much power, 'Lo, here is one beside you whose name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life, and who shall enter through the gates into the city'; and grace was given me to rejoice in his joy, but I . . ."—and Carmichael could have wept for the despair in the Rabbi's voice.

"Dear Rabbi!"—for once the confidence of youth was smitten at the sight of a spiritual conflict beyond its depth—"you are surely . . . depreciating yourself. . . . Burnbrae is a good man, but compared with you . . . is not this like to the depression of Elijah?" Carmichael knew, however, he was not fit for such work, and had better have held his peace.

"It may be that I understand the letter of Holy Scripture better than some of God's children although I be but a babe even in this poor knowledge, but such gifts are only as the small dust of the balance. He will have mercy on whom He will have mercy.

"John," said the Rabbi suddenly, and with strong feeling, "was it your thought this night as I declared the sovereignty of God that I judged myself of the elect, and was speaking as one himself hidden forever in the secret place of God?"

"I . . . did not know," stammered Carmichael, whose utter horror at the unrelenting sermon had only been tempered by his love for the preacher.

"You did me wrong, John, for then had I not dared to speak at all after that fashion; it is not for a vessel of mercy filled unto overflowing with the love of God to exalt himself above the vessels . . . for whom there is no mercy. But he may plead with them who are in like case with himself to . . . acknowledge the Divine Justice."

Then the pathos of the situation overcame Carmichael, and he went

over to the bookcase and leant his head against certain volumes, because they were weighty and would not yield. Next day he noticed that one of them was a Latin Calvin that had travelled over Europe in learned company, and the other a battered copy of Jonathan Edwards that had come from the house of an Ayrshire farmer.

"Forgive me that I have troubled you with the concerns of my soul, John"—the Rabbi could only stand with an effort—"they ought to be between a man and his God. There is another work laid to my hand for which there is no power in me now. During the night I shall ask whether the cup may not pass from me, but if not, the will of God be done."

Carmichael slept but little, and every time he woke the thought was heavy upon him that on the other side of a narrow wall the holiest man he knew was wrestling in darkness of soul, and that he had added to the bitterness of the agony.

CHAPTER XX.

THE WOUNDS OF A FRIEND.

WINTER has certain mornings which redeem weeks of misconduct, when the hoar frost during the night has re-silvered every branch and braced the snow upon the ground, and the sun rises in ruddy strength and drives out of sight every cloud and mist, and moves all day through an expanse of unbroken blue, and is reflected from the dazzling whiteness of the earth as from a mirror. Such a sight calls a man from sleep with authority, and makes his blood tingle, and puts new heart in him, and banishes the trouble of the night. Other mornings, winter joins in the conspiracy of principalities and powers to daunt and crush the human soul. No sun is to be seen, and the grey atomsphere casts down the heart, the wind moans and whistles in fitful gusts, the black clouds hang low in

threatening masses, now and again a flake of snow drifts in the wind. A storm is near at hand, not the thunder-shower of summer, with warm rain and the kindly sun in ambush, but dark and blinding snow, through which even a gamekeeper cannot see six yards, and in which weary travellers lie down to rest and die.

The melancholy of this kind of day had fallen on Saunderson, whose face was ashen, and who held Carmichael's hand with such anxious affection that it was impossible to enquire how he had slept, and would have been a banalité to remark upon the weather. After the Rabbi had been compelled to swallow a cup of milk by way of breakfast, it was evident that he was ready for speech.

"What is it, Rabbi?" as soon as they were again settled in the study. "If you did not . . . like my sermon, tell me at once. You know that I am one of your boys, and you ought to . . . help me." Perhaps it was inseparable from his youth, with its buoyancy and self-satisfaction, and his training in a college whose members only knew by rumour of the existence of other places of theological learning, that Carmichael had a distant sense of humility and charity. Had it been a matter of scholastic lore, of course neither he nor more than six men in Scotland could have met the Rabbi in the gate. With regard to modern thought, Carmichael knew that the good Rabbi had not read *Ecce Homo*, and was hardly, well . . . up to date. He would not for the world hint such a thing to the dear old man, or even argue with him; but it was flattering to remember that the attack could be merely one of blunder-busses, in which the modern thinker would at last intervene and save the ancient scholar from humiliation.

"Well, Rabbi?" and Carmichael tried to make it easy.

"Before I say what is on my heart, John, you will grant an old man who loves you one favour. So far as in you

lies you will bear with me if that which I have to say, and still more that which my conscience will compel me to do, is hard to flesh and blood."

"Didn't we settle that last night in the vestry?" and Carmichael was impatient; "is it that you do not agree with the doctrine of the Divine Fatherhood? We younger men are resolved to base Christain doctrine on the actual Scriptures, and to ignore mere tradition."

"An excellent rule, my dear friend," cried the Rabbi, wonderfully quickened by the challenge, "and with your permission and for our mutual edification we shall briefly review all passages bearing on the subject in hand—using the original, as will doubtless be your wish, and you correcting my poor recollection."

About an hour afterward, and when the Rabbi was only entering into the heart of the matter, Carmichael made the bitter discovery—without the Rabbi having even hinted at such a thing—that his pet sermon was a mass of boyish crudities, and this reverse of circumstances was some excuse for his pettishness.

"It does not seem to me that it is worth our time to haggle about the usage of Greek words to count texts: I ground my position on the general meaning of the Gospels and the sense of things," and Carmichael stood on the hearthrug in a very superior attitude.

"Let that pass then, John, and forgive me if I appear to battle about words, as certain scholars of the olden time were fain to do, for in truth it is rather about the hard duty before me than any imperfection in your teaching I would speak," and the Rabbi glanced nervously at the young minister.

"We are both Presbyters of Christ's Church, ordained after the order of primitive times, and there is laid on us certain heavy charges and responsibilities from which we may not shrink, as we shall answer to the Lord at the great day."

Carmichael's humiliation was lost in

perplexity, and he sat down, wondering what the Rabbi intended.

"If any Presbyter should see his brother fall into one of those faults of private life that do beset us all in our present weakness, then he doth well and kindly to point it out unto his brother; and if his brother should depart from the faith as they talk together by the way, then it is a Presbyter's part to convince him of his error and restore him."

The Rabbi cast an imploring glance, but Carmichael had still no understanding.

"But if one Presbyter should teach heresy to his flock in the hearing of another . . . even though it break the other's heart, is not the path of duty fenced up on either side, verily a straight, narrow way, and hard for the feet to tread?"

"You have spoken to me, Rabbi, and . . . cleared yourself"—Carmichael was still somewhat sore—"and I'll promise not to offend you again in any action sermon."

"Albeit you intend it not so, yet are you making it harder for me to speak. . . . See you not . . . that I . . . that necessity is laid on me to declare this matter to my brother Presbyters in court assembled . . . but not in hearing of the people?" Then there was a stillness in the room, and the Rabbi, although he had closed his eyes, was conscious of the amazement on the young man's face.

"Do you mean to say," speaking very slowly, as one taken utterly aback, "that our Rabbi would come to my . . . to the Sacrament and hear me preach, and . . . report me for heresy to the Presbytery? Rabbi, I know we don't agree about some things, and perhaps I was a little . . . annoyed a few minutes ago because you . . . know far more than I do, but that is nothing. For you to prosecute one of your boys and be the witness yourself . . . Rabbi, you can't mean it . . . say it's a mistake."

The old man only gave a deep sigh. "If it were Dowbiggin or . . . any

man except you, I wouldn't care one straw, rather enjoy the debate, but you whom we have loved and looked up to and boasted about, why, it's like . . . a father turning against his sons."

The Rabbi made no sign.

"You live too much alone, Rabbi," and Carmichael began again as the sense of the tragedy grew on him, "and nurse your conscience till it gets over tender; no other man would dream of . . . prosecuting a . . . fellow-minister in such circumstances. You have spoken to me like a father, surely that is enough," and in his honest heat the young fellow knelt down by the Rabbi's chair and took his hand.

A tear rolled down the Rabbi's cheek, and he looked fondly at the lad.

"Your words pierce me as sharp swords, John; spare me, for I can do none otherwise; all night I wrestled for release, but in vain."

Carmichael had a sudden revulsion of feeling, such as befalls emotional and ill-disciplined natures when they are disappointed and mortified.

"Very good, Doctor Saunderson"—Carmichael rose awkwardly and stood on the hearthrug again, an elbow on the mantelpiece—"you must do as you please and think right. I am sorry that I . . . pressed you so far, but it was on grounds of our . . . friendship.

"Perhaps you will tell me as soon as you can what you propose to do and when you will bring . . . this matter before the Presbyter. My sermon was fully written and . . . is at your disposal."

While this cold rain beat on the Rabbi's head he moved not, but at its close he looked at Carmichael with the appeal of a dumb animal in his eyes.

"The first meeting of Presbytery is on Monday, but you would no doubt consider that too soon; is there anything about dates in the order of procedure for heresy?" and Carmichael made as though he would go over to the shelves for a law book.

"John," cried the Rabbi—his voice full of tears—rising and following the

foolish lad, "is this all you have in your heart to say unto me? Surely, as I stand before you, it is not my desire to do this thing, for I would rather cut off my right hand.

"God hath not been pleased to give me many friends, and He only knows how you and the others have comforted my heart. I lie not, John, but speak the truth, that there is nothing unto life itself I would not give for your good, who have been as the apple of my eye unto me."

Carmichael hardened himself, torn between a savage sense of satisfaction that the Rabbi was suffering for his foolishness and an inclination of his better self to respond to the old man's love.

"If there be a breach between us, it will not be for you as it must be for me. You have many friends, and may God add unto them good men and faithful, but I shall lose my one earthly joy and consolation when your feet are no longer heard on my threshold and your face no longer brings light to my room. And, John, even this thing which I am constrained to do is yet of love, as . . . you shall confess one day."

Carmichael's pride alone resisted, and it was melting fast. Had he even looked at the dear face, he must have given way, but he kept his shoulder to the Rabbi, and at that moment the sound of wheels passing the corner of the manse gave him an ungracious way of escape.

"That is Burnbrae's dogcart . . . Doctor Saunderson, and I think he will not wish to keep his horse standing in the snow, so unless you will stay all night, as it's going to drift. . . . Then perhaps it would be better. . . . Can I assist you in packing?" How formal it all sounded, and he allowed the Rabbi to go upstairs alone, with the result that various things of the old man's are in Carmichael's house unto this day.

Another chance was given the lad when the Rabbi would have bidden

him good-bye at the door, beseeching that he should not come out into the drift, and still another when Burnbrae, being concerned about his passenger's appearance, who seemed ill fitted to face a storm, wrapped him in a plaid; and he had one more when the old man leant out of the dogcart and took Carmichael's hand in both of his, but only said, "God bless you for all you've been to me, and forgive me for all wherein I have failed you." And they did not meet again till that never-to-be-forgotten sederunt of the Free Kirk Presbytery of Muirtown, when the minister of Kilbogie accused the minister of Drumtochty of teaching the Linlathen heresy of the Fatherhood of God in a sermon before the Sacrament.

Among all the institutions of the North a Presbytery is the most characteristic, and affords a standing illustration of the contradictions of a superbly logical people. It is so antiergical a court that for every clergyman there must also be a layman—country ministers promising to bring in their elder for great occasions, and instructing him audibly how to vote—and so fiercely clerical that if the most pious and intelligent elder dared to administer a sacrament he would be at once tried and censured for sacrilege. So careful is a Presbytery to prevent the beginnings of Papacy that it insists upon each of its members occupying the chair in turn, and dismisses him again into private life as soon as he has mastered his duties, but so imbued is it with the idea of authority, that whatever decision may be given by some lad of twenty-five in the chair—duly instructed, however, by the clerk below—will be rigidly obeyed. When a Presbytery has nothing else to do, it dearly loves to pass a general condemnation of sacerdotalism, in which the tyranny of prelates and the foolishness of vestments will be fully exposed, but a Presbytery wields a power at which a bishop's hair would stand on end, and Doctor Dowbiggin

once made Carmichael leave the Communion Table and go into the vestry to put on his bands.

When a Presbytery is in its lighter moods, it gives itself to points of order with a skill and relish beyond the Southern imagination. It did not matter how harmless, even infantile might be the proposal placed before the court by such a man as MacWheep of Pitscourie, he would hardly have got past an apology for his presumption in venturing to speak at all, before a member of Presbytery—who had reduced his congregation to an irreducible minimum by the woodenness of his preaching—would enquire whether the speech of "our esteemed brother was not ultra vires" or something else as awful. MacWheep would at once sit down with the air of one taken red-handed in crime, and the court would debate the point till every authority had taken his fill, when the clerk would submit to the moderator, with a fine blend of deference and infallibility, that Mr. MacWheep was perfectly within his rights; and then, as that estimable person had lost any thread he ever possessed, the Presbytery would pass to the next business—with the high spirit of men returning from a holiday. Carmichael used, indeed, to relate how in a great stress of business some one moved that the Presbytery should adjourn for dinner, and the court argued for seventy minutes, with many precedents, whether such a motion—touching as it did the standing orders—could even be discussed, and with an unnecessary prodigality of testimony he used to give perorations which improved with every telling.

The love of law diffused through the Presbytery became incarnate in the clerk, who was one of the most finished specimens of his class in the Scottish Kirk. His sedate appearance, bald, polished head, fringed with pure white hair, shrewd face, with neatly cut side whiskers, his suggestion of unerring accuracy and inex-

haustible memory, his attitude for exposition—holding his glasses in his left hand and enforcing his decision with the little finger of the right hand—carried conviction even to the most disorderly. Ecclesiastical radicals, boiling over with new schemes and boasting to admiring circles of MacWheeps that they would not be brow-beaten by red tape officials, would become ungrammatical before that firm gaze, and end in abject surrender. Self-contained and self-sufficing, the clerk took no part in debate, save at the critical moment to lay down the law, but wrote his minutes unmoved through torrents of speech on every subject, from the Sustentation Fund to the Union between England and Scotland, and even under the picturesque eloquence of foreign deputies, whom he invariably requested to write their names on a sheet of paper. On two occasions only he ceased from writing: when Dr. Dowbiggin discussed a method of procedure—then he watched him over his spectacles in hope of a nice point; or when some enthusiastic brother would urge the Presbytery to issue an injunction on the sin of Sabbath walking—then the clerk would abandon his pen in visible despair, and sitting sideways on his chair and supporting his head by that same little finger, would face the Presbytery with an expression of reverent curiosity on his face why the Creator was pleased to create such a man. His preaching was distinguished for orderliness, and was much sought after for Fast days. It turned largely on the use of prepositions and the scope of conjunctions, so that the clerk could prove the doctrine of Vicarious Sacrifice from “instead,” and Retribution from “as” in the Lord’s prayer, emphasising and confirming everything by that wonderful finger, which seemed to be designed by Providence for delicate distinctions, just as another man’s fist served for popular declamation. His pulpit masterpiece was a lecture on the Council of

Jerusalem, in which its whole proceedings were reviewed by the rules of the Free Kirk Book of Order, and a searching and edifying discourse concluded with two lessons. First: That no ecclesiastical body can conduct its proceedings without officials. Second: That such men ought to be accepted as a special gift of Providence.

The general opinion among good people was that the clerk’s preaching was rather for upbuilding than arousing, but it is still remembered by the survivors of the old Presbytery that when MacWheep organized a conference on “The state of religion in our congregations,” and it was meandering in strange directions, the clerk, who utilised such seasons for the writing of letters, rose amid a keen revival of interest—it was supposed that he had detected an irregularity in the proceedings—and offered his contribution. “It did not become him to boast,” he said, “but he had seen marvellous things in his day: under his unworthy ministry three church officers had been converted to Christianity,” and this experience was so final that the conference immediately closed.

Times there were, however, when the Presbytery rose to its height and was invested with an undeniable spiritual dignity. Its members, taken one by one, consisted of farmers, shepherds, tradesmen, and one or two professional men, with some twenty ministers, only two or three of whom were known beyond their parishes. Yet those men had no doubt that as soon as they were constituted in the name of Christ, they held their authority from the Son of God and Saviour of the world, and they bore themselves in spiritual matters as His servants. No kindly feeling of neighborliness or any fear of man could hinder them from inquiring into the religious condition of a parish or dealing faithfully with an erring minister. They had power to ordain, and laid hands on the bent head of some young

probationer with much solemnity; they had also power to take away the orders they had given, and he had been hardened indeed beyond hope who could be present and not tremble when the Moderator, standing in his place, with the Presbytery around, and speaking in the name of the Head of the Church, deposed an unworthy brother from the holy ministry. Mac-Wheep was a "cratur," and much given to twaddle, but when it was his duty once to rebuke a fellow minister for quarrelling with his people, he was delivered from himself, and spake with such grave wisdom as he has never shown before or since.

When the Presbytery assembled to receive a statement from Doctor Saunderson "*re* error in doctrine by a brother Presbyter," even a stranger might have noticed that its members were weighted with a sense of responsibility, and although a discussion arose on the attempt of a desultory member to introduce a deputy charged with the subject of the lost ten tribes, yet it was promptly squelched by the clerk, who intimated, with much gravity, that the court had met in hunc effectum—viz., to hear Doctor Saunderson, and that the court could not, in consistence with law, take up any other business, not even—here Carmichael professed to detect a flicker of the clerkly eyelids—the disappearance of the ten tribes.

It was the last time that the Rabbi ever spoke in public, and it is now agreed that the deliverance was a fit memorial of the most learned scholar that has been ever known in those parts. He began by showing that Christian doctrine has taken various shapes, some more and some less in accordance with the deposit of truth given by Christ and the holy Apostles, and especially the doctrine of Grace had been differently conceived by two eminent theologians, Calvin and Arminius, and his exposition was so lucid that the clerk gave it as his opinion that the two systems were

understood by certain members of the court for the first time that day. Afterward the Rabbi vindicated and glorified Calvinism from the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, from the Fathers, from the Reformation Divines, from the later creeds, till the brain of the Presbytery reeled through the wealth of allusion and quotation, all in the tongues of the learned. Then he dealt with the theology of Mr. Erskine of Linlathen, and showed how it was undermining the very foundations of Calvinism; yet the Rabbi spake so tenderly of our Scottish Maurice that the Presbytery knew not whether it ought to condemn Erskine as a heretic or love him as a saint. Having thus brought the court face to face with the issues involved, the Rabbi gave a sketch of a certain sermon he had heard while assisting "a learned and much-beloved brother at the Sacrament," and Carmichael was amazed at the transfiguration of his very youthful performance, which now figured as a profound and edifying discourse, for whose excellent qualities the speaker had not adequate words. This fine discourse was, however, to a certain degree marred by an unfortunate, no doubt temporary, leaning to the teaching of Mr. Erskine, whose beautiful piety, which was to himself in his worldliness and unprofitableness a salutary rebuke, had exercised its just fascination upon his much more spiritual brother. Finally the Rabbi left the matter in the hands of the Presbytery, declaring that he had cleared his conscience, and that the minister was one—here he was painfully overcome—dear to him as a son, and to whose many labours and singular graces he could bear full testimony, the Rev. John Carmichael, of Drumtochty. The Presbytery was slow and pedantic, but was not insensible to a spiritual situation, and there was a murmur of sympathy when the Rabbi sat down—much exhausted, and never having allowed himself to look once at Carmichael.

Then arose a self-made man, who considered orthodoxy and capital to be bound up together, and especially identified any departure from sovereignty with that pestilent form of Socialism which demanded equal chances for every man. He was only a plain layman, he said, and perhaps he ought not to speak in the presence of so many reverend gentlemen, but he was very grateful to Dr. Saunderson for his honourable and straightforward conduct. It would be better for the Church if there were more like him, and he would just like to ask Mr. Carmichael one or two questions. Did he sign the Confession?—that was one; and had he kept it? that was two? and the last was, When did he propose to go? He knew something about building contracts, and he had heard of a penalty when a contract was broken. There was just one thing more he would like to say—if there was less loose theology in the pulpit there would be more money in the plate. The shame of the Rabbi during this harangue was pitiable to behold.

Then a stalwart arose on the other side, and a young gentleman who had just escaped from a college debating society wished to know what century we were living in, warned the last speaker that the progress of theological science would not be hindered by mercenary threats, advised Dr. Saunderson to read a certain German called Ritschl—as if he had been speaking to a babe in arms—and was refreshing himself with a Latin quotation, when the Rabbi, in utter absence of mind, corrected a false quantity aloud.

"Moderator," the old man apologised in much confusion, "I wot not what I did, and I pray my reverend brother, whose interesting address I have interrupted by this unmannerliness, to grant me his pardon, for my tongue simply obeyed my ear." Which untoward incident brought the modern to an end, as by a stroke of ironical

fate. It seemed to the clerk that little good to any one concerned was to come out of this debate, and he signalled to Dr. Dowbiggin, with whom he had dined the night before, and concocted a motion over their wine. Whereupon that astute man explained to the court that he did not desire to curtail the valuable discussion, from which he personally had derived much profit, but he had ventured to draw up a motion, simply for the guidance of the House—it was said by the Rabbi's boys that the Doctor's success as an ecclesiastic was largely due to the skilful use of such phrases—and then he read: "Whereas the Church is set in all her courts for the defence of the truth, whereas it is reported that various erroneous doctrines are being promulgated in books and other public prints, whereas it has been stated that one of the ministers of this Presbytery has used words that might be supposed to give sanction to a certain view which appears to conflict with statements contained in the standards of the Church, the Presbytery of Muirtown declares, first of all, its unshaken adherence to the said standards, secondly, deplores the existence in any quarter of notions contradictory or subversive of said standards, thirdly, thanks Doctor Saunderson for the vigilance he has shown in the cause of sound doctrine, fourthly, calls upon all ministers within the bounds to have a care that they create no offence by their teaching, and finally enjoins all parties concerned to cultivate peace and charity."

This motion was seconded by the clerk and carried unanimously—Carmichael being compelled to silence by the two wise men for his own sake and theirs—and was declared to be a conspicuous victory both by the self-made man and the modern, which was another tribute to the ecclesiastical gifts of Dr. Dowbiggin and the clerk of the Presbytery at Muirtown.

(To be continued.)

TRAGIC INCIDENTS IN FOREST LIFE.

E. STEWART, D.L.S.

SURELY the day must soon arrive when some one in this northern clime who loves the forest, and has the gift to portray it, will appropriate the field which at present lies open with its virgin opportunities for exploitation.

It is true that Francis Parkman has charmed us with his historical narratives of English and French adventurers, and others have given us occasional glimpses of Canadian pioneer life, but there is still a vast unappropriated field, beginning with the toil and everyday life of the early settlers on the St. Lawrence and the great lakes, and extending to the lonely and semi-barbarous life of the Hudson Bay agent and employee in the great lone land of the north and west.

These thoughts arise and impress themselves on my mind as I sit down to write a short account of two incidents which are very vivid in my recollection, and I think, when you have become acquainted with the nature of them, you will readily believe me when I say that I am sorry that they are real in character and not a product of the imagination.

In the summer of the year 1881 it fell to my lot to survey the Township of Mack, on the north shore of Lake Huron; and some time in the latter part of the month of August, in company with a small party of assistants, I landed at Blind River for that purpose. As it took us some time to get ready after landing from the steamer, we were obliged to stop over night at the little village, which was almost entirely dependent on the saw mill there, the latter being owned and run by the late Peter Murray, who was well known as one of the early pioneers in that part of the country.

On making inquiries from him in the evening regarding the best way for us to take in order to reach our work, he very kindly gave us full details of the route, which would be up Blind River to a lake, thence across this lake to where we would see a small building known as "the granary," and which he paused to say had a history of its own. After he had finished his direction for our guidance, I asked him concerning his reference to the granary, and then he proceeded to give a most vivid description of one of the most tragic occurrences conceivable. I shall endeavour to give as accurate an account of the happening as my memory will permit.

In the month of October, a few years previous, he sent seven men with a scow-load of oats up to his granary, at the head of the lake above referred to. The distance was about ten miles. With favourable weather they could make the round trip in two days, but on this occasion, as the wind had been against them, no uneasiness was felt when they failed to return the second night, but they were looked for on the third day, and when it passed, and also the third night, without their appearing, uneasiness began to be felt. On the fourth day, he said, he found it necessary to quiet the apprehensions of some members of the family of the absent ones by telling them that the men were probably doing some necessary work up at the lake. In the afternoon he had unexpectedly to go over to the Hudson Bay store at the Missisaga River, from which he did not get back till nine o'clock at night. His first question on his return was concerning the absent men, and when informed that they were still away,

without saying a word to any one outside his own household and telling his mother to say nothing about it, he went down to the shore and, taking a little bark canoe, started alone up the river. I can never forget his description of his lonely journey, and the incidents connected with it. It was one of those clear, calm, starlight nights in October, when the silver light of the hunter's moon shone with unwonted brilliancy over lake, river and forest, and as he forced his frail craft up the stream, and between the shadows of the trees growing on either bank, it seemed to him that the very silence of the night was ominous. Ever and anon he held up his paddle and listened, hoping to hear the plash of oars ahead, but nothing, save now and then an owl hooting in the tranquil woods, or the plaintive cry of the loon in the lake beyond, disturbed the dead silence of the sylvan solitude. It seemed as if even the trees were asleep, for the aspen leaf, so sensitive to the least motion of the air, vied with the tall grass growing on the margin of the stream in refusal to break the midnight calm or disturb the lethean repose of the forest.

And so the first and second hours were spent. On one or two occasions he imagined he heard the sound of oars, but on listening his hopes were disappointed. At length the lake was reached, and again with listening ears and strained eyes he looked out over its glassy surface. But all in vain. No sound greeted his ears; and peer as intently as he would he could neither see anything on the water nor, what he more expected, a camp-fire anywhere on the shore. He now felt sure that some accident must have befallen the men. After resting a few moments he started easterly across the lake, but still only the same weird silence encompassed him. The situation was one the like of which is frequently recorded in fiction, but seldom, fortunately, experienced in real life; and we can well imagine that at that

time of night, and as the shore of the one side of the lake gradually receded from view and the darkling outline of the opposite one seemed to rise like a cloud from the calm bosom of its waters he would almost question his own identity or fancy he was in a dream, while the very thought of what an hour more might reveal would intensify his feelings. Still on he paddled, till finally, nearing his destination at the granary, he saw the scow tied up to the shore. That was all; the same bewildering and seemingly interminable silence remained. It seemed as if every object in nature was hypnotized, and lay dormant at the feet of Morpheus. There was not a single thing to give a clue to the perplexing situation. The thought of murder first suggested itself, and with this the temptation to beat a hasty retreat, but this was only for a moment, and pulling up his canoe, he moved cautiously up the bank and around the shanty, and listened, even fearing to shout, not knowing what fiends in human shape the sound might arouse.

He said the beating of his own heart seemed to him like the sound of an Indian drum. However, after waiting for a few moments, he resolved to enter the cabin. With some difficulty he opened the door, but could not find a match with which to strike a light, but shortly the darkness yielded sufficiently for him to discern the situation, and he at once realized that he was even then in the chamber of death.

In the dim light he beheld the clothing of the men hung up to dry around where the stove had stood, while the bags of oats were scattered about in the most disorderly manner. He at once commenced moving some of them and it was not long until he discovered the fate of his seven men. The poor fellows had unloaded their cargo, piling the bags up till they met the roof on one side of the shanty, after which they made their rude bed

on the floor beside them; and, no doubt, when they were all enjoying that oblivious repose only known to the weary labourer, through the untying or bursting of a bag the whole cargo came down upon them and smothered them all to death.

In a few moments more Murray was in his canoe paddling home again. The mystery to him was now solved; but alas, what a message he was carrying to seven families, all at this moment unconscious of their loss!

I remember well his saying that he felt like secluding himself in the woods rather than bear the sad message with which he was burdened to those bereaved families; and that it was with the greatest difficulty that he could summon courage sufficient to paddle home.

You may be sure that in passing the scene of this tragedy the next day, after hearing this description of it from Mr. Murray, we were all impressed, not only with the thoughts connected with the sad occurrence within its narrow walls and shanty roof, but also with the heroism of the man who, in the dead of night and the loneliness of the forest, had the courage to do and to endure what he had on that occasion, and I can well credit the truthfulness of the remark he made as he closed the narrative, that he would rather sacrifice five years of his life than experience another similar night.

It was little we thought at this time that the omniscient eye saw awaiting us, only a few days hence, a tragedy in which each of us would act a part and in which one of us would be called upon to transcend every other act in the great drama of human life.

My staff on this survey consisted of an assistant and four chainmen. Besides these the party was made up of six labourers and a cook.

Before leaving home there came into my office one day a young lad who was very anxious to engage with

me on this "trip to the woods." I was at first not disposed to take him, as I was quite certain that he would be awkward for some time as a woodsman and especially in a bark canoe, but there was something about the boy that I liked. Perhaps it was his rural simplicity and honest face that satisfied me that he would soon adapt himself to his new position, and I agreed to take him as one of my chainmen. His name was Jefferson Heacock, his father being a well-to-do farmer in the County of York.

I do not remember anything of unusual interest occurring during our stay at our first camp, where we remained about a week, and then with our canoes moved about four miles west to a point on the shore of a small, marshy lake—a not very pleasant camp-ground—where we remained several days, and till we had finished the lines in its neighbourhood. It then became necessary to make another move, and one of considerable difficulty. We were some time in deciding whether to leave our canoes and "pack" our outfit and supplies over those hills and swamps with which the country is abundantly supplied, or endeavour to utilize our canoes by following up from one inland lake to another and carrying canoes and supplies across the portages. This question was solved by my taking a man with me for one day on an exploration trip and finding a canoe route from where we were to Lake Matinadinda. The next day all the party, except one man and myself, undertook to move camp to a bay on that lake, while we two did some chaining on lines running northerly in the direction of the locality where we had agreed to pitch our new camp. After reaching the end of the cut-out line, we struck through the woods and finally came out on the shore of the lake, not far from where the rest of the party were busy pitching the tents.

We shouted, and in a few minutes a canoe was sent over and took us to

the site of our new home. It was a charming spot on a beautiful bay of one of those inland lakes of which there are so many in our northern country, but which are as unknown to most Canadians as they would be if located in the wilds of Africa. I have often thought, when paddling up some of these, lying so still in their undisturbed solitude, that it would well repay some of our summer tourists to forego at least one trip to the sea-side to look at such scenery lying almost at their doors.

There is nothing awe-inspiring or majestic in it, as in the scenery on the Upper Saguenay, or among the great mountains of the West, but there is a weird, quiet beauty made up of the gorgeous foliage of the woods sloping down from the surrounding hills until it meets the glassy lake below, and is reflected by it so that at a short distance away you can scarcely discern the dividing line between them.

In making the move from our last camping place to this one, the men had had a hard day's work. They first loaded everything into the bark canoes which they paddled across the first lake, then portaged across on an Indian trail about a mile to another small lake, and after crossing it, made another mile portage to Lake Matinadinda, where they again embarked, and shortly after reached their destination. Then dividing up, as usual, some of the men cleared away the ground for the tents, others gathered the balsam boughs for our beds, while the cook prepared the evening meal, which was ready shortly after we had joined the rest of the party.

Only those who have experienced it can realize the satisfaction felt after a hard day's work in "shifting camp," to find themselves comfortably located where the situation and surroundings are pleasant, and in a good position for future operations. All these conditions were filled as a result of this day's work, and everyone seemed to feel amply rewarded for his labour,

and greatly pleased with the new camp.

After we had partaken of a good supper we all went down to the shore, where we could obtain a good view of the surrounding territory. The sun was receding behind the hills on the western shore. The exceedingly hot day was giving place to a cool, pleasant evening, and all seemed entranced with the beauty of this lovely bay, dotted with its numerous islands of varying sizes which rose from the glassy surface of its placid waters. Soon a suggestion was made by one of the young men of the staff to take a canoe and cross over to a small island in order to bathe, when I made the remark that I would take another and try our new lake for fish. "Jeff," as we had learned to call him, offered to accompany me. I asked him if he did not wish to go bathing with the others, to which he replied that he could go after we returned, and adding that he liked to paddle. We trolled around the shore, but as the fish did not seeming to relish the shining bait we offered them, and as the night was approaching we soon returned. I asked "Jeff" if he did not want to join the boys on the island. He replied that he thought they were about leaving, and added that he would take his bath from the shore, and, getting his bathing towel, went around a little point beyond our landing place, while I went up the shore and joined two or three of the men in front of the camp-fire.

We were only a few rods from where he was and heard him splashing in the water, but in a few minutes one of the men who had gone down to the shore gave an alarming shout and in a few seconds we were all down at the water's edge, but no sight of poor Jeff was to be seen. The man had reached the shore just in time to see him disappear beneath the surface of the water. In a moment several were diving in the vain hope of rescuing him, but alas, the darkness seemed to

settle almost instantly over the lake. Lights were brought and grappling was attempted and continued till it was useless to hope that he could be rescued alive. Then we went up the shore where lay the poor boy's clothes as he had left them only a short time before, and then back to the camp-fire, scarcely realizing the tragedy that had visited us.

The silent stars came out and glistened through the leaves. The loons made doleful music at varying distances over the smoky surface of the dark waters, and later on in the evening a whip-poor-will was heard in the forest, but no camp songs were sung that night, or, for that matter, during the rest of the survey.

As midnight approached we retired to our tents, but what little sleep we had was disturbed by the burden of the tragedy that had visited us, and as dawn approached, everyone, I am assured, heard the songs of those twilight birds that always announce the new-born day.

But sadder than all else, to my mind, was the thought that away in the County of York was a family who would that morning arise and go about their usual routine of rural employment all unconscious that one of their number had even then made the great journey beyond the border land.

Before the sun had risen far above the horizon I was on my way to the mouth of Blind River, where I arranged to have the body brought, and returning with an Indian and large canoe we reached our camp on the evening of the second day after the sad occurrence. The following morning I took a blanket, and placing it over my head so as to shut out the light overhead, and sitting in the bow of the canoe, I had a man paddle slowly over where we supposed the body was lying. I

found by this means I could distinctly see the bottom of the lake, and in a few moments the object of our search was discovered fully twenty feet below the surface. In a few minutes more it was recovered, and without much further delay we started across the lake. On reaching the western shore we placed the body on a stretcher to each side of which was attached a pole of sufficient length to allow two men at each end to walk in single file along the narrow trail. And thus was borne back all that was mortal of the poor boy who only a few days before had worked so hard over those same portages. Finally, about three o'clock in the afternoon, we reached our destination at the mouth of the river, and before the sun had set the funeral was over and the body of poor "Jeff" had found a temporary resting place in mother earth. In about a week afterwards his father came up and removed the remains in order that they might repose till the last great day beside those of his kindred in his own neighbourhood.

Then we returned again to this fatal camp, but before finally leaving it his comrades carved on a birch slab made with an axe, this rude cenotaph:

JEFFERSON HEACOCK,

DROWNED HERE, SEPT. 20TH, 1881.

HE RESTS WITH GOD.

This was put up on the shore near where the accident occurred. No doubt the birds have sung their songs as they perched upon it, but I have often wondered if it has ever been seen by man since we moved our camp from this spot, which, though associated with such sad recollections, has always seemed to me one of the most beautiful in this wilderness region.

E. Stewart.

CANADA AND THE EMPIRE.

A Rejoinder to Dr. Goldwin Smith.

G. M. GRANT, LL.D., PRINCIPAL OF QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.

DR. SMITH has replied, in the CANADIAN MAGAZINE, to an article on "Canada and the Empire," which appeared over my signature in the *National Review* for July; but, though unwilling to suggest another term, I certainly do not think it entitled to be called "A Reply." Canadian readers, however, can now judge for themselves, as the London *Advertiser*, in its issue of October 17th, has published my article. The half-dozen pages which the editor of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE has kindly placed at my disposal will be sufficient for a brief explanation and re-statement.

I was trying to show what the real and resolute will of all sections of the Canadian people, regarding their own national aims and destiny, has been for more than a century, and what it still is, with unanimity greater than ever, at the present day. That will—expressed in the whole of a not uneventful history—is what should always be opposed to abstract conceptions. Those persons, however, who had the opportunity of reading only the "Reply"—probably ninety-nine out of a hundred—would fancy that I had written only about Dr. Smith. I can assure them that his personality or work was entirely subordinate to the main question. It was necessary to deal with him, because he is the only authority on Canadian matters who is widely read in England; and as he is a man naturally truthful, a scholar, a gentleman, and known to have lived long in Canada he is supposed by them to be a reliable witness. Besides, Dr. Smith's literary power is so exceptional that everything he writes is sure to be read.

Now, ignorance in Britain of the deepest feelings of the self-governing Colonies has led to such lamentable mistakes in the past that it is our duty, when opportunity offers, to give what little enlightenment we can. All the more so, when there are powerful and sinister influences on the side of misrepresentation, and when—as I put it—"there is, worse than all, a false light, which seems to come from Heaven, because it comes from a man whose ability and good intentions can hardly be questioned." Hence the necessity I was under to allow for the personal element. Allowance has to be made for this, even in the case of astronomers, who are swayed by no bias in recording their nightly watchings of the stars. How much more so in the case of publicists, dealing with national and political problems, with their solutions of which their own preconceptions, prejudices, prophecies and inherent limitations are bound up. An estimate of the man must then be made. Dr. Smith knows this very well. He has had to give hundreds of such estimates—some of them very unflattering—in the course of his long literary career. All the world knows with what freedom he has done his duty in this respect; how sharply, too, he has dealt with any who have ventured to criticize or to rasp him; how skilfully he fences and with what subtle poison he tips his rapier. He assumes the attitude and title of a "Bystander"; but—as *Grip* put it, sketching him surrounded by numerous badly-wounded victims,—"Call you this being a Bystander?" A man who gives so liberally should be willing to take a little.

Almost every paragraph of his reply shows too that, in suggesting more than it is desirable to state, his hand has not lost its cunning. Not to allow the main object of my article to be obscured, I point only to the first half page of the "reply." It begins, "If some coarse and acrimonious writer," etc. What a delightful illustration of the "don't nail his ears to the pump" style of writing! Another remark is concerning "one, who just before had been approaching me in the attitude of friendship." He should have said less or more, but had he said more, he might have explained that it was he who had approached me. I have been a contributor to the *Week* ever since he and another gentleman started it; and, therefore, early in this year, I wrote, protesting against an editorial that seemed to hint a threat of subjecting him to personal violence, because he had expressed unpopular opinions, at an inopportune time and in a very exasperating way. I took the liberty of asking the editor, "How can we controvert his opinions, if you deny his rights?" Thereupon, Dr. Smith wrote me a letter of thanks. While appreciating this highly, it never occurred to me that I was to be muzzled thereafter from criticism, or from showing to Englishmen why I considered him a misleading witness concerning Canada.

He then says that Principal Grant "incidentally admits" that his opinions were once held by other literary men and statesmen. It was not an admission, and it was not incidental. It was an integral part of the argument. In justice to him, I pointed out that his views "were formerly held by very eminent men who constituted a prevalent, if shallow, school of thought." I gave their names, quoted from them fairly, to show their attitude, and proceeded as follows:—

"There was a time, then, when Dr. Smith was in good company. But his school has quietly given up the ghost. All his comrades have died or 'verted,

and to-day his followers are little better than Falstaff's regiment. When free trade found favour in the eyes of the British public, its beauty dazzled them. It was regarded as a Morrison's pill, warranted to cure all the ills, and to be a substitute for all the needs, of mankind. Nations existed merely for the purpose of interchanging commodities, and man lived by bread alone. The Colonies would continue to buy from the Mother Country as long as it was their interest to do so, and what more could Britain ask or desire? If they did join a rival or hostile nation, that was their own business. If Canada united politically with the States, so much the better. The free trade area would be enlarged, the general prosperity would be increased, and the workshops of Britain would share in the prosperity. All this prattle was accepted as expressing absolute truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. But now the glittering generalities are seen to be only half truths or sophisms. Time has brought with it new points of view, and it is felt even by the man on the street, that a nation is a complex organism, and that the excellent law of buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market, far from expressing the fulness of its life, may be checked or transcended by other laws.

Dr. Goldwin Smith, however, will not learn. No Bourbon could refuse more resolutely to be enlightened by events. Though in an excellent position for seeing, he keeps the telescope to his blind eye, and cries aloud visions of the night to those who, being less favourably situated, still look to him for guidance. He succeeds only in making ignorance more dense, and misunderstanding more probable."

It is rather comical to call all this an incidental admission; extraordinary that he should object to the saying that man does not live by bread alone; and still more extraordinary that he should add, "It is to be observed that those who impress upon us this sentiment have always themselves plenty of bread." Is it not a very good sentiment? Is it not well for all nations to take it to heart? Was it ever more required than in this materialistic age?

And does he not know that I am poor, while he is wealthy?

I have no desire, however, to add one word on the merely personal question. That was introduced simply in order to explain the curious isolation of Dr. Smith in the country for which he undertakes to speak. If he stood alone, because of strenuous attachment to a high spiritual truth, he would be worthy of all admiration. Then it would be a case of Athanasius against the world. But his isolation is on the complex political question of whether Canada should go over to the United States or continue in the grander unity of the British Empire. On that question, the native-born Canadian is quite competent to judge, and he has more right to speak than any one else, all the more so, it may be said, if his forefathers have suffered for the country. May I not add that the choice of American connection is singularly unhappy at present. Dr. Smith might well admit that time has shown Canada to have been wiser than himself. But Snowdon's Knight, confronted with a host of armed men was not more resolute. He still holds that duty calls on us to abandon cherished ideals and to become engulfed in a less liberal, less moral and less comprehensive education than we now have, in the vain hope that we may be able to turn the tide of feeling which sways millions of average Americans, inflamed from their youth up with unnatural cries of vengeance, as well as with external or false notions of their own place in civilization.

Space is not available here to deal fully with this fundamental question, but I shall take it up again before long. In comparison with it, any man's personality or fate is of small consequence. My interpretation of Dr. Smith's character may be inadequate or mistaken, and I regret if I was betrayed into vivacities of expression which gave him pain. Ordinary readers, however, will not deem it unparliamentary language to say

that a man is cynical or to hint that even an Oxford education has limitations. I spoke with ample acknowledgment that Dr. Smith meant well, even when industriously sowing tares, because I spoke in sorrow rather than in anger, and only after hoping against hope that, in accordance with his own repeated declarations, he was retiring from the position of our unauthorised Ambassador to do work for which he is better suited. Here was my summary:—

"His aims are good, but as he insists that they shall be carried out in his and in no other way, he is all the time defeating instead of furthering them. He loves his native country, yet misrepresents its action. He sees that the best hopes of civilization lie in the direction of the unification of the English-speaking race, yet he excites evil suspicions between its different members. He believes that the saving elements in the Canadian people are so strong that they could do much for the healing of bitter waters in the States, yet he belittles us and mocks at our continuous and resolute struggle to become a nation."

If there are faults here or elsewhere, they are, I submit, in the manner of expression, and because of my interest in a great subject, rather than the outcome of a desire to misjudge or of acrimony of temper, of which, indeed, I am not conscious. But might it not be well for Dr. Smith to consider that others may see him better than he sees himself, and that the outlines of a crowded career, extending over a long period, may come out most clearly, like those of mountain ranges, at a distance? Looked at from this point of view, almost every one will tell him that since he left his own country his general attitude has been anti-British, and has not been representative of Canadian sentiment. He supposes, to use the ironical language of our great humorist, Haliburton, "That a tree would be much more vigorous if the branches . . . were all lopped off, . . . and that the stem would be larger, stronger and

better without such useless or expensive appendages." He knows that the fate of Canada will ultimately determine that of all the Colonies, as well as that of the whole Empire with its promise of a future as glorious as its past. But British connection he distrusts and even seems to dislike; while to us it is the effectual guarantee that we shall continue to maintain our independence, build on our own foundations, develop our institutions, and contribute some share, 'off our own bat,' to the higher life of the continent and the race.

This, I repeat, is the fundamental question between us. Dr. Smith is influenced or dominated mainly by the idea of continuous territory, and by what he considers the hopelessly insoluble character of French-speaking Canadians. These seem to me external considerations, while his tone concerning them is unduly pessimistic; but, I tried to estimate them fairly. In proof, let me conclude this brief rejoinder with as long a quotation as space will permit of what was said in the article regarding the difficulties with which we are struggling, and the price which we, like every other people, must be willing to pay for national life:—

"The Dominion consists of four great sections, each of which is said to be naturally more allied to a portion of the United States than to the other sections. There is a certain amount of truth in this, but the point of view which makes it an insuperable difficulty is wholly external. When we are told that it is impossible to fight successfully against geography, a little reflection assures us that all history teaches the opposite, and that each new triumph of science is simply another victory of man over nature. Besides, this difficulty is on the surface, and has been seen and discounted by us at every stage in our history. It has no more terrors for us than the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains had for the people of the States, or than the Atlantic and the 'long wash of Australasian seas' had for our forefathers. Instinc-

tively, at every crisis, we have realized that a nation must be ready to pay a price for its freedom, must be willing to transcend and even laugh at difficulties in order to realize itself and secure a distinctive and worthy future. We have, therefore, said with Nehemiah, 'Let us rise up and build.' We have established an unequalled system of internal navigation from the Straits of Belle Isle into the heart of the continent, and we have added to that an unparalleled railway system, along lines where Indian guides and old-fashioned engineers and scientific officers had declared that railways could not be built. We were told that the traffic would not pay for greasing the wheels of the locomotives. It has paid those who put their money in the road better than any other trans-continental railway. In to-day's paper I see that Northern Pacific is quoted at 5 per cent., Union at 7, Central at 14, and Canadian Pacific at 64. And, now, when the external difficulties have been overcome, when every part of our great Northern Confederacy has been linked together by steel as well as sentiment, when dry-docks have been built at Halifax, Quebec, Kingston, and Esquimaux, when our coasts, rivers and lakes have been lighted with hundreds of lighthouses; now, when, through the faith and toil of a handful of people scattered over half a continent, we have built our nation's house, and are able to reach out one hand to Great Britain and the other to Australia, a philosopher assures us that 'manifest destiny' was all the time forbidding, and that our house was built only to be smashed! Destiny, if you like, but certainly it was not and is not manifest.

"Another dominating conception of Dr. Smith arises from the superficial view that he takes of Quebec Province. According to him, French Canada before the conquest, owing to the exclusion of the Huguenots, 'fell into the hands of the Catholic reaction and of its incarnation and apostle, the Jesuit,' and so became 'a Jesuit mission grafted on a station of the fur trade.' This is epigram, but not history. It is doubtful if history can be written epigrammatically. The truth is that—as might have been expected by anyone who knows the character and development of the French people—

there was a vigorous Gallicanism in Quebec down to the conquest. The Canadian peasant, under the nominal feudalism of the New World, was never a serf or vassal. Proudly he called himself the 'habitant,' or dweller in the land. In the same spirit, though a devout member of the Holy, Catholic, Apostolical, Roman Church, he always stoutly asserted his own religious rights. Nor was he without constitutional protection of a kind. Just as Louis XIV., though under priestly influence, did not shrink from putting bishops in their place and holding his own against the Pope, so a strong governor in Quebec, the representative of the King and the head of the State, did not shrink from bullying the bishop and protecting the rights of the laity. This Gallican spirit, as might also have been expected, died out after the conquest. The reasons will easily be divined by anyone who knows the history of Ireland from within. It has revived, however, since the Confederation of 1867; it is a factor of ever-increasing significance in the development of French-speaking Canadians; to ignore which may be pardonable in the average politician, but not in the historian or statesman.

"The difference of language and race is another of the bogeys that forbid the banns between French and English-speaking Canadians. Dr. Smith's only hope lies in submerging the former in the vast mass of English speech to the south. That mass will have its influence, no matter what the political arrangements may be; but the supposition that national unity requires uniformity of language and race is an abstract conception scarcely worth refuting. It is a remnant of the individualist view of society which prevailed in the eighteenth century, but which is now universally discarded. The highest form of national life does not depend on identity, but rather on differences that are transcended by common political interests and sentiments; and it is most interesting to trace the growth of these in Canada, especially since 1867. The result is before the face of all men, in a fact which is half a continent in size. The fact was there before, but it could be seen only by the penetrating eye. Now, the blind may see, unless blinded by preconceptions. Under the constitution

of 1791, which gave only the irritating shadow of political liberty without the substance, the French-Canadians fought splendidly against the armies of the States, though these came as practical allies of the Corsican, who at the time was the idol of every Frenchman. Subsequently, when the union of the two Canadas, in 1841, ended in a deadlock, statesmen never dreamed of the formation of the two provinces into two distinct nationalities as the solution. They saw that the deadlock had come, because the Act of Union had an inherent defect. It had attempted to combine the federal principle with unity of action in local matters. Hence the clumsy expedients of dual majorities and dual leaders, which could not possibly be permanent. The solution of the difficulty was sought for in a wider union, and though that made Quebec one province of four, now one of seven, and—a few years hence—to be one of twelve, instead of one of two, Cartier assented to it as loyally as George Brown. The Confederation of 1867 cured the defect of the Union of 1841, by assigning local questions to provincial legislatures, and it laid the basis for a Dominion which soon extended from ocean to ocean.

"Of course we have had our difficulties since, but they are simply growing pains. Dr. Smith identifies the extreme Ultramontanes, or the Nationalist section, in Quebec, with the province, as they, for their own ends, identify the 'Orangistes' of Ontario with English-speaking Canada. But the tailors of Tooley Street are not the people of England, nor are he and his handful of Commercial Unionists the Canadian people. In forming a nation which, while including all sections of the British people, plus Germans, Icelanders, Belgians, Hungarians and Indians, is mainly composed of the two great historic races that have taken root in the land, we are making a most interesting experiment, and one that has had already a large measure of success. The French-Canadian sees that he must teach his children English, if they are not to be handicapped for life in America; and the British-Canadian, finding that the man who is master of two languages is often preferred to him, resolves that if he cannot speak French his children shall. For this and other reasons, actual fusion of speech is

going on slowly but surely. But unity of national life is independent of the fusion."

In a word, no matter what our speech, we are all, as Cartier said, above everything else Canadians. We are still "Canada First," that is of the party, the first planks in whose platform declared for Canada and British connection. So, too, whether English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, Canadian, Afrikaner, Australian, Tasmanian, or New Zealander, we are all one Empire, under one Flag, governed by the same stable, yet elastic Parliamentary institutions, and faithful to the traditions of the race which has carried to the ends of the earth the practice of freedom within the bounds of law, the principle of justice explained by precedent, and the defence of

the oppressed up to the full extent of our power, irrespective of continentalism. In realizing this unity, and so fulfilling what appears to us to be our highest destiny, we have no quarrel with our neighbours. Far from it. We honour that great sisterhood of States for what they are and for what they have accomplished; we know that our prosperity is largely bound up with theirs; and we hope that the time may soon come—for they are a people of infinite humour, apart from their national conceits—when they shall understand that if a "bloody shirt" thirty years old is obsolete, it is preposterous to be continually waving one which is four or five times as ancient.

George M. Grant.

THE UNUTTERABLE DESIRE.

The pensive youth resumes his irksome task
Behind the plow, and goads the drowsy team;
But every common object wears a mask,
And e'en the oxen teach him how to dream.

He needs must pause. (How quick the burly beasts
Perceive the liberal license of his mood,
And stand at ease while wayward Fancy feasts
With paladins, returned all blood-imbrued.)

And while the stately cavalcade is formed,
And helmeted knights their battle-steeds bestride,
And fields are won, and feudal castles stormed,
The setting sun proclaims it eventide.

Aga'n the task dispels the stirring scene,
Again the furrow lengthens o'er the field;—
But who could pass a copse so dense and green
Without a glimpse of romance there concealed?

Here Robin Hood and stalwart Friar Tuck
Dispensed the spoils or ate their venison fare;
Here outlawed archers tested skill and luck,
Or wound their horns, or planned a bishop's snare.

And here Maid Marion heard a lover's vow,
And here — (But oh! prosaic, cruel Fate!
There stand the idle oxen and the plow,
And there an irate father at the gate).

And oh ! the task, and oh ! the stern demand ;
And oh ! the guilty feeling in his breast.
Is there no champion who for him will stand,
To silence wrath with Chivalry's behest ?

"A lazy lout !" he hears his father say.
He slew a dragon, fought a host and—won,
Preserved a maiden scathless through a fray,
And yet is asked : "Why is the task not done ?"

Without excuse, he meekly bears the cuff,
Then slinks, crestfallen, to his truckle-bed,
A vanquished hero, who was bold enough
Where plows were lances and where fields were red.

He cannot tell why he should be remiss,
Or why some things a vision will inspire ;
He knows but one vague feeling, and 'tis this :
The poet's wild, unutterable desire.

Let others plow, and others plant the corn ;
Let others moil in servitude's degree ;
But he *must* dream, though waking brings him scorn
When each enchantment ends in misery.

He sees with envy youth engage itself
In tedious toil or boisterous merriment ;
Yet while one book, unread, is on the shelf,
He keeps his vigils as a saint keeps Lent.

Foregoing pleasure, little else he craves
Than toleration of his solitude
And choice in spending all the cash he saves,
With some respect for each eccentric mood.

And granted these, he reigns a king supreme,
His vassals numerous as he can create.
Would he a palace ? He has but to dream,
And lo ! he enters by the golden gate.

Ask him not why, nor what it is that burns
Within his breast like a consuming fire ;
He only feels that he for something yearns
With that intense, unutterable desire.

WILLIAM T. JAMES.



TALKS ON WRITING ENGLISH.*

JOHN A. COOPER.

SHOULD a man (or a woman) desire to practice the profession of a lawyer, he spends several years in a lawyer's office, reads many books on legal subjects, and passes several examinations set by legal professionals. A like procedure obtains, should he desire to become a doctor, a civil engineer, an architect or a professor. Should he desire to be an artist, he must visit Paris and study under the best masters and from the best work of those who have become the acknowledged masters in painting and sculpture. But should he desire to become an author—he simply sits down and scribbles off a manuscript; then he arises with a look of satisfaction upon his countenance and mails the production to the editor of some magazine, the name of which he knows by hearsay. If any person should suggest that he should spend four or five years learning the art of composition, acquiring the power of original description and creation, and perfecting himself by a study of the best models of the great litterateurs, that person would be quickly and effectually snubbed. It has been said that poets are born and not made, and about fifty per cent. of the people in the world (the English-speaking world is referred to) have at some time in their lives, the conviction that perhaps they are born poets or litterateurs.

A lady friend of mine, who is well-born and well-educated but without any special qualifications as an original writer, sends her poetry and her novelettes quite regularly to the editors of Canadian publications. She remarked in a recent letter that it was not her fault that Canadians did not possess an ample literature; it was

the crime of the editors who refused to publish and pay for her manuscripts.

Another young lady brought me a pretty story. In it words were misspelled, phrases misplaced and paragraphs poorly constructed, but the tale was an agreeable one. I revised it carefully and labouriously, and pointed out to her the weaknesses, to my mind, of her composition. She seemed anxious to learn to write, and I was willing to encourage her. She brought me another story which I returned as being too long for the matter contained and as being slovenly written. Finally I received a third manuscript, which apparently had never been read after having been written, as the punctuation and paragraphing were deplorable. I returned it with plenty of blue pencilling and decided that her next manuscript should be returned unopened.

There is plenty of room in literature for new writers, but they must be writers who are masters of the art; writers who have cultivated their originality and their composition until both are striking; writers who have something to say and have carefully studied the best way of saying it. As Buffon said, talent is only long practice, and the secret of success is perseverance in hard work.

As Fleubert said to Maupassant (Introduction to *Pierre and St. Jean*):—"When you pass a grocer seated in a doorway, a concierge smoking his pipe, a row of cabs, show me this grocer and this concierge, their attitude, all their physical appearance; suggest by the skill of your image all their moral nature, so that I shall not confound them with any other grocer or any other concierge; make me see, by a

* Talks on Writing English. By Arlo Bates. Crown 8vo., \$1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

single word, wherein a cab-horse differs from the fifty others that follow or precede him." And Maupassant adds: "Whatever may be the thing which one wishes to say, there is but one word for expressing it; only one verb to animate it; but one adjective to qualify it. It is essential to search for this verb, for this adjective, until they are discovered, and never be satisfied with anything else."

This is the spirit of the true man of letters. His originality, be it little or much, must be persistently developed, and his power of expression must be just as persistently cultivated until it nearly equals that of the best writers.

Robert Louis Stevenson once wrote: "All through my boyhood and youth, I was known and pointed out for a pattern of an idler; and yet I was always busy on my own private end, which was to learn to write. I kept always two books in my pocket, one to read, one to write in. As I walked, my mind was busy fitting what I saw through appropriate words; when I sat by the roadside, I would either read, or a pencil and a penny version-book would be in my hands to note down the features of the scene or commemorate some halting stanzas. Thus I lived with words, and what I wrote was thus for no ulterior use. It was written consciously for practice."

To destroy all one's earliest writings is hard indeed. Yet Arlo Bates says in his recent admirable book entitled "Talks on Writing English:"

"It is necessary to compose and re-compose; to write all sorts of things, to prune them, recast them, polish them; to elaborate and to simplify; to weigh each word and phrase; and when all is done to destroy the result as ruthlessly as we would destroy anything else which has become rubbish by outliving its usefulness.

"It is a thousand pities that the work of writers who are learning their art is not written in ink fading over night, or which would at least vanish as soon as the manuscript had under-

gone revision. The next best thing is for the would-be author to accustom himself to phrasing thoughts in his mind without setting them down upon paper at all. . . .

"Each mail carries to the office of every magazine scores of manuscripts which are nothing but the crude exercises produced in more or less intelligent struggles with the art of composition. . . . Would to heaven there were some one eloquent enough to persuade the world once for all that literature is as surely a profession which must be learned as is law or medicine.

"It is a long time before the student has a right to look upon himself as a producer at all; and the more completely he can preserve the attitude of a learner, the better will be the results of his self-training."

This book from which the above quotations are taken is worthy the attention of young Canadians who are aspirants for literary fame and success and profit. After two introductory chapters the author takes up the "Principles of Structure" and deals with Unity, Mass and Coherence, then the "Principles of Quality" and treats of Clearness, Force and Elegance. After having thus worthily filled about one hundred pages of his book, he takes up Exposition, Argument, Description and Narration in turn, dealing with each in a clear, conversational manner, without the slightest attempt at pedantry. His quotations and examples are taken from modern books, and his criticisms are mainly on those writings with which the general public is at present most familiar. The book is by no means of the character of a college text-book, but the production of an editor who has seen the need for a book which any young writer may easily read and digest, and which would convey to him the knowledge and experience of one who had been over the road, and knew the danger-holes and the hills between a literary Beginning and a literary Success.

OUR ABBÉ.

HUNTER DUVAR.

MR. WILLIAM SMITH, our readers will admit, was not romantically named. Neither did his life flow in a romantic channel, albeit a pleasant one. When he had completed his nonage and legal infancy with not more impulses and fewer escapades than average young men, his father put him into a syndicate which rented a patent in universal use, and in which his chief duty was to draw his dividends monthly, if he were at home. If he were not at home, they stood over until next month, and he drew them both together. He was now spoken of as Mr. William Smith, Jr., instead of the plain "Bill Smith," by which he had been heretofore known to his intimates. In one respect Mr. Smith, Jr., was a singular young man, for he set himself to improve the common school education he had received. He read everything that came in his way, and has been heard to declare that he derived more real knowledge of life from fiction than from any other branch of *belles lettres*, or even of science. He attended lectures, too, carefully avoiding faddists of every stripe, as well as those pundits, who wander under the auspices of a bureau at \$10.00 per night, and hash up "popular" scientific pabulum that is of no practical use to anybody. For accomplishments he acquired pretty fair Parisian French from a refugee of the commune, and the use of his mawleys (which, being interpreted, means how to box with his fists) from a retired English prize fighter.

He was a pleasant young man was Mr. Smith, Jr. The bent of his mind was towards æstheticism—you could not call it *dilettantism*. He was too sensible for that. He loved everything that was beautiful and har-

monious and serene. And yet for several summers of his life he was addicted to Cheap Tripping in the gregarious way that has become an institution in these later days. In fact, he was a confirmed Cheap Tripper.

He went everywhere the Tripping Co. asked him. On one memorable occasion he had been personally conducted by an ex-usher (Master of the French of Stratford-atte-Bow), to Bullong and Paree, and would have been taken to Carpathians, but thought it too far. Accompanied by a friend of like tastes with his own from the middle-class club to which he belonged, he, with some hundred others had been at Land's End and in Wales and the Isle of Man and at the Lakes of Killarney and Windermere, and at Chester and York, and had even penetrated beyond the Scottish border. When the advertised limit of their tour was reached the horde of trippers rushed across country for home, desecrating fanes, writing the names of 'arry and 'arriet on monuments of antiquity, greeting mansions with howls and waking up sleeping villages with music-hall choruses—all to be repeated on next holiday. It would be wrong to say that Smith junior liked this kind of thing. He did not, yet, despite his æstheticism, his sense of humour was as much amused by the antics of the company as by the historical scenes through which he passed. In a few years his father died and he himself became Mr. Smith. After wearing black for a year, and for six months more a white hat with a crape on it for the old gentleman he fell in love and married a lady in every way suitable for him, with equally cultured mind and much similarity of tastes.

Having little knowledge of the busi-

ness of the syndicate and none at all as to its prospects, he, acting on his wife's advice, sold his interest and with a portion of the purchase money bought a pretty place in Devonshire, on which he built a modest villa as a *pied à terre*, and which he and his wife designed without the aid of an architect, and furnished to their own taste. On balancing accounts they found they possessed an annual income of just \$5,000, sufficient to live on in happy competence. Smith was after all but a wholesome sound-souled Englishman of no brilliant parts, gentlemanly in his habits, but averse to being the slave of any stilted *convenances*, while Mrs. Smith was too sensible a woman to want to squeeze herself into high society where-in she could have found no real pleasure and where she would have been looked down upon for her comparative poverty. Therefore they lived contented in their secluded home of "Forest Retreat," as they called it, passing their time agreeably enough, only it must be admitted that underlying this placid content there was a slight—the very slightest—tinge of latent Bohemianism, not pronounced but just enough to give colour to their lives. When the fit came on they, leaving their place in charge of a caretaker and his dame, would set out on their travels to interesting parts of the country, no longer as Cheap Trippers but as respectable British tourists, eschewing fashionable hotels and putting up in some comfortable family hostelry in any place that suited their fancy. In this way they made many pleasant friends. Although three or four years had elapsed, there were no children.

This worthy and unpretending couple were at the old and out-of-the-way town of Laon in the Aisne, having made their way there by a leisurely route through Belgium. There they intended to stay for a few days to enjoy the charming scenery and to study the noble cathedral which crowns the hill on which the town is

built, and which, if archaeology be true, was founded in the twelfth century. On the day after their arrival and while his wife was resting, Smith set out, as was his custom in a new place, to take a stroll through the streets. Entering a shop to purchase a pocket map of the town, he was fortunate to find in the bookseller a local antiquary of no mean intelligence. From him he learned that in a monastic collection in connection with the cathedral were some curious manuscripts throwing light on the time of the Carolingians, which were not duplicated in the otherwise excellent public library. He found the custodian of these treasures, an elderly man in a black gown, quite courteous and obliging, and soon was seated in an ill-lighted apartment making notes, until, after some time, the point of his pencil broke. Looking up, he discovered he was not alone, for a person in the conventional dress of an abbé, with a fringe of grey hair peeping from under his skull-cap, was seated near him, poring over a large antique folio which might have been one of the early fathers' commentaries. This venerable person opened a penknife, and with a polite bow handed it to his fellow-student. It happened that when Mr. Smith had completed his memoranda and rose to leave, the Abbé rose too; so that both stood together on the pavement. The Englishman thanked his clerical acquaintance for his courtesy, and, after some further conversation, begged, if his reverence were at leisure, he would accompany him, a stranger, in a walk along the old ramparts, whence the view would, no doubt, be very fine. The Abbé explained that he too was, in a manner, a stranger, his *euré* being in the Landes of the Gironde. They walked along together and paced the ancient lines with the towers jutting in grey decay, the whole dominated by the fine pile of the cathedral. The Englishman talked glibly

of what Laon had been when it was the residence of the Kings of France, and of its having been taken from the League by Henry of Navarre, with other topics on which the Abbé did not seem well informed. Noon having arrived, Mr. Smith pulled out a watch that looked like silver, but was only aluminum, and remarked it was near luncheon time.

"That is a singular chronometer Monsieur carries," remarked the Abbé; "no doubt an heirloom?"

"It is singular," laughed Smith, "as showing the cheap labour and skill of the Swiss. I always carry it in the streets."

"Perhaps," persisted the Abbé, "it is associated with remembrances so touching that Monsieur would pay an unheard-of reward to recover it if lost?"

"Not at all," was the reply; "its value is exactly twelve francs. You can buy a thousand of them at that figure in Zurich or Geneva."

Thought is free and sometimes flashes across the mind without our will, and it flashed into the speaker's mind "if our Abbé were not grey-haired and a clergyman I would have half thought he would like to snatch the watch and bolt down an alley with it." The absurd idea was dismissed with a smile. The Smiths are nothing if not hospitable. This one, therefore, turning to the priest, thanked him for his company and begged he would do him the honour of dining with him at five o'clock, if not too early, at his hotel, the *Boule d'Or*, where he might be sure Mrs. Smith would be pleased to welcome one of his salutary profession. The Abbé hesitated.

"Luxury in apparel," said he, "is forbidden to members of my sacred calling. My constant dress is soutane and tonsure-cap; hence I must decline."

Mr. Smith assured him his clerical garb would but confer additional honour on the board. With this the

invitation was accepted, and they parted.

At five o'clock the Abbé appeared in his clerical garb and with the subdued mien befitting his profession. His host had put on a dress coat and substituted a massive gold watch and chain for his Swiss toy. Mrs. Smith appeared in demi-toilette, plain and ladylike, with no ornament excepting a noticeable one of oriental manufacture, the bequest of an uncle who had served in India and had shaken the pagoda tree in the days when it bore fruit. This singular and somewhat barbaric adornment was a necklace formed of a five-pointed star of quite two inches in diameter, the floor being a mosaic of alternate brilliants and emeralds, with one rich ruby in the centre, the whole being attached to a coil of eight or ten very fine gold chains of a vivid orange colour. Apart from its singularity it was evidently of great value.

The Abbé said grace. His eyes did not seem to have observed the adornment of the lady, nor, indeed, to have rested on anything beyond the tablecloth. This might have been, from modesty, inasmuch as the attendance of a butler and three waiters may have given him an exaggerated impression of the social position of his entertainers. He showed himself, however, acquainted with the etiquette of the table, although his manner seemed to be under strict watch and his conversation was confined to mere necessary remarks. His host, on the other hand, was voluble on many subjects, trying to draw his guest out. Dinner passed rather heavily. After an abstemious repast, and still more sparing indulgence in wine, followed by coffee, the guest took leave and bowed himself out.

"I do not like your Abbé," said Mrs. Smith.

"No more do I," replied her husband. "His being a stranger accounts for his want of acquaintance with the place, for he told me his curé was

in the Bourbonnais, or somewhere, but he did not seem to follow some points of scholarship I tried him with—no doubt attributable to his secluded and religious life. He scarcely comes up to the mark of the polished and scholarly Abbé we read of. Besides, did you notice he never fell into those mild pieties by which clergymen always betray themselves?"

"I do not like your Abbé," repeated Mrs. Smith.

The table having been cleared, husband and wife sat before the morsel of fire that glowed in an open grate, more for cheerfulness than warmth, when Smith, laying his watch and chain on the table, went upstairs to change his coat and boots. This did not occupy him long, and he went leisurely down the staircase with his hand on the bannister, his list slippers making no noise. When he was about half way down he thought—but so indistinctly that it was scarcely a thought—that he saw a figure cross the corridor and enter the dining room. Coming down he found the door ajar, and on going in saw at a glance his wife asleep in a fauteuil with her back to the door, and behind her the crouching figure of the Abbé with a silk scarf in his outstretched hands, creeping up as if to strangle her! Like a flash the fist of the trained boxer flew from the shoulder and struck the intruder full on the back of the head. The ecclesiastic went down as if shot. His fall awakened Mrs. Smith, who screamed, but had presence of mind to ring the bell violently, which brought several attendants into the room, among them the master of the hotel, who showed great reluctance to notify the authorities, pleading it would bring great scandal on the church, and might hurt the good name of the *Boule d'Or*. The latter reason was doubtless the one the landlord feared, but a waiter had in the meantime run out and summoned the patrol. Soon two *gens d'armes* came marching into the room

at the regulation pace, drew their swords, stood at attention, and did nothing. A sergeant followed, on which the men at a sign from him sheathed their weapons with a clang, and seizing the prostrate and still insensible man by the collar, dragged him up and set him in an armchair, his hands still holding the scarf, which, it was now observed, exhaled a strong odor of chloroform. At another sign, one of them went out, and speedily returned with two police acolytes bearing a hand ambulance, into which the Abbé was bundled and marched off, the two men-of-arms, with their swords again bared, following as escort. Meantime Mr. Smith, as hero of the hour, had excitedly related all the circumstances to the sergeant, who listened with no apparent interest, and merely replied, "Ah!" but afterwards added, "Monsieur must go along with me."

"What for?" cried Smith hotly, "are you going to lock me up?"

"Not necessarily" replied the sergeant, "but you must tell your story to the Inspector."

There seemed some reason in this, so the irate Englishman, calming down, called a coach in which he and the sergeant were driven to the office of police, a whitewashed apartment where a man in uniform was leaning back in a high chair before a desk beneath a flaring gaslight, with his eyes closed and the stump of a cigar in his mouth. The sergeant related the circumstances.

"Let us see this truculent abbé" said the Inspector, taking a lighted bull's-eye lantern in his hand and leading the way through a private passage to the darkened hospital ward, whither the patient had been already brought and laid, still unconscious, on a mattress. Throwing the whole glare of the lantern on the death-like face, the policeman twitched off the skull-cap with the fringe of gray hair attached, and gazed long and earnestly.

"Ah!" said he at length, "making for the frontier," then turning to his

companion remarked, "Monsieur has been more successful than the whole police of Paris." To anticipate our story by a few weeks, the sham Abbé was a notorious bankrobber and assassin, who had evaded the hue and cry out after him and was watched for at all the ports and railways. No disguise could have been better adapted for escape than that of a priest. He now became the object of lively interest to the first surgeons in Laon, who vied with each other in efforts for his recovery. After trephining and other surgical care he was at length recruited sufficiently to be put on trial for one of his other easily proved crimes, and was deported for life to Cayenne.

Returning to the office, the Inspector again sat down in his high chair, replaced a half-smoked cigar in his mouth, and reached listlessly for his large brass-bound register, and in a tone that made it clear he felt the whole thing a bore, proceeded to ask a great many questions: the complainant's name, age, occupation, why he was in France, where born, was he known to the police of his own country, his father's and mother's name, with others equally irrelevant, all of which he wrote down with exasperating slowness. Then he reached for one of a pile of printed slips which lay on the desk, and on the corner of which Smith's eye was quick enough to read the printed figures "100 francs." This slip Mr. Inspector filled up with a date, but seeming to think the amount was too small, selected another of 1,000 francs, filled in the date and handed it to his visitor with the remark: "personal bond to appear—sign there."

"I will not sign," cried Smith.

"Then," said the policeman coolly, "Monsieur will be detained. Monsieur will further observe that besides his personal bond he remains under the surveillance of the police, and will do wisely in making himself happy in Laon until the alleged culprit is sufficiently recovered for trial."

"I give my word as an English gentleman to appear on the day of trial," urged our tourist, who was beginning to be alarmed at the turn affairs were taking.

"Monsieur's word is without doubt unimpeachable," said the policeman, with the slightest suspicion of a sneer, "but we do not accept it in preference to bond and surveillance."

Our exasperated Briton dashed his signature across the document and strode out in a white fume of rage.

Calling a *calèche*, our irate friend requested to be driven to the private address of some smart lawyer, and soon found himself in presence of a young dissolute-looking man in *deshabille* lying on a sofa reading a yellow-covered novel, with a miniature decanter of absinthe and a glass on a bracket within reach, and the table littered with cigarette stubs. On hearing the story the legal gentleman's interest was great. He particularly cross-examined as to whether the policeman did or did not positively refuse to accept a proffered pledge of honour, and on being assured that such was the case his distress was really pathetic.

"But what!" he exclaimed, in his best jury manner, "*dieudedieu!* it is an insult to a friendly power, an insult to be wiped out with swords. *Ciel!* and to a Grande Breton (an English! gentilhomme! rentier!); but thus! it humiliates France!"

Then he gave his client some advice. Smith paid the counsel his fee and, again calling the *calèche* was driven to the hotel, where he ordered Mrs. Smith to toss all their belongings into the portmanteaus and be ready to leave in a quarter of an hour. The lady was equal to the occasion, and in not much more than the time specified the trunks were placed in care of a commissionaire to convey to a place of safety till called for. Meantime Smith had drawn a cheque for 1,000 francs, payable to the President of the Republic, which he enclosed—not to the inspector, but to the Minister of

Police, in a letter abusing the French Republic, the Ministry and all their myrmidons, threatening them with the wrath of the British lion, and adding divers other threats which he would have found it impossible to carry out. This he placed in the commissionaire's hands, with orders not to mail it until after twelve hours should have elapsed. Then he paid his hotel bill, and, taking his wife's arm, walked out.

Finding their way to a livery stable, the address of which had been learned from the *calèche* driver, the pair ordered a postchaise to convey them anywhere into the country for a few miles. After one or two zig-

zags to throw pursuit off the scent, Smith directed the postboys to strike across country for a busy railroad passenger station. There they caught the mail train for the north, and in a short time were beyond the frontier.

The first words Mr. Smith said to his wife when they again stood, free Britons, on the soil of Belgium were; "I have learned something in our travels."

"What is that?"

"Never to ask an unknown abbé to dinner unless he brings a certificate from his bishop, for even a clergyman may be counterfeited."

Hunter Duvar.

HOME AGAIN, 40-1.

A Thanksgiving Story.

A MUDDLED, out-o'-work looking man sat in a pool-room fumbling a scrawly letter, and staring with a look of drunken cunning at the names on the black-board. One of them caught his eye, and then swam before him till the whole board seemed covered with nothing but the name of the one horse, "Home Again," at forty to one. He rushed up to the clerk and placed five dollars on that horse, then sat down to wait and to look over again, in a muddled way, the letter his father had written, urging him to come home for Thanksgiving, and if he could do so, to settle down on the old farm again. "We ain't got much to offer you," the letter ran, "but it won't cost much to come, now the railroad's through to Pineville, and your poor mother's been living on the thought of seeing you the past year, the minister says; so I'm sending you this money; it's all we have, and we hope you'll come."

He had intended to go. Poor old soul, she was bad, no doubt, but would it

do her any good to see the miserable wreck he had become? If he could win now he might still get home; he had not spent all on this last spree, and . . . How his head ached in this hot place!—if he hadn't been such a fool as to put up his last cent, he would have got another drink. Watching the board in a kind of stupor, he jumped suddenly to his feet, sober in a moment. "Home Again" had won.

A crowded train was hurrying through one of those rocky forest stretches, common on new roads in Canada. The minds of the passengers were filled with thoughts of home, many miles nearer each hour. In every farm-house and village dwelling happy faces and busy preparations gave signs of the approaching Thanksgiving Day.

Quiet, the peace of labour ended and rest well earned hovered about a grey homestead which was set back some distance from the road that wound between snake fences from the newly

painted station at Pineville, two miles away. Inside the house an old woman sat beside the box-stove that stood half in the sitting-room and half in the bed-room. A small fire lent heat, but not cheerfulness, to the room which, with its meagre furnishings, had an expectant air. Her mind travelled back, as it had done every day since, to the time when she stood among the sunflowers at the front door, in the clear freshness of a September morning ten years ago, to watch the old waggon disappear over the hill with her son. As she sat there the tired hands gradually grew still, and the knitting fell unheeded to the floor. A hopeful tear or two stole down her wrinkled cheek. As the minutes were ticked out by the tall clock in the corner, a calmer, holier smile came into her face. In the deepening twilight a red gleam from the stove-damper flickered about the room a moment and was gone. The old cat stretched out her paws to

the fallen knitting with a memory of kitten days; then as the needles clicked loudly together in the silence, drew hurriedly back. The bent figure in the rocking-chair straightened up a little at the sound, murmured something half aloud,—was it, "Next station Pineville—Jim!" and then sank back with a happy smile about her lips.

Was she asleep and dreaming? Perhaps. God knows.

With noisy slamming of doors the brakesman had gone through the cars calling out "Next station, Pineville," when instead of the long call of the engine that should have announced the town, there was a short shriek and . . . only darkness broken by the fitful gleam of the hurrying lantern and the glare of the fires that began to eat up the tumbled mass of broken cars.

Had "Home Again" won in that last race, too? Perhaps.

S. J. Robertson.

AUTUMN'S CLOSE.

He saw the flush among the Autumn hills,

Like some vain hope fade solemnly and slow;

He heard the myriad voices of the rills

Crooning sleep songs mysterious and low.

He knew that Summer, with her smiles and tears,

Endured sad exile in a distant land;

That Winter, hoary with eternal years,

Must rule again with stern, relentless hand.

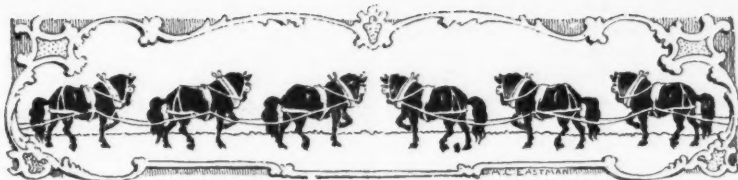
Yet in his heart was hope forever bright,

He knew the flower-crowned Spring would come
with song

To overcome the shadows of the night,

Fill woods and meadows with her happy throng

BRADFORD K. DANIELS.



CURRENT THOUGHTS.

THE EDITOR.

HYPNOTISM.

IN the past few years increased attention has been given to the study of hypnotism, especially as to the part it can be made to play in effecting cures upon diseased persons. The notion that hypnotism is the exercise of a peculiar power bestowed upon one man to benefit or to harm his fellow-creatures is being undermined, and in its place the idea is gaining ground that under the direction of a hypnotist, or perhaps without his assistance, anyone has the power to hypnotize himself. In view of this increased attention and this change of opinion with regard to hypnotism, a brief reference to its history may not be out of place.

The fact that particular psychical states can be induced in human beings by certain physical processes has long been known among the Oriental peoples, and was utilized by them for religious purposes. By steadily gazing at precious stones, into vessels and crystals, or at a certain point or object, these Eastern people have hypnotized themselves for the purposes of soothsaying, of divination or of producing sleep.

Independently of this there has existed at all times in many quarters the belief that particular individuals could influence their fellows by the exercise of certain powers, *e.g.*, healing by the laying on of hands, as practised by the Egyptians and the early French kings. This doctrine of animal magnetism was not, however, clearly defined nor definitely brought to public attention until Mesmer, a Viennese doctor (1734 to 1815), began his studies. He maintained the existence of animal magnetism by means of which persons

could influence each other, and he cured at first by contact. Later, he believed that different objects of wood, glass, iron, etc., were also capable of receiving the magnetism. Many people believed that the imagination might be employed with some curative effect, but very few of Mesmer's contemporaries believed in mesmerism or animal magnetism. He had disciples nevertheless.

During the latter part of the 18th century, animal magnetism was much studied at Bremen, in Germany, and during the first twenty years of this century it was much practised in that country. In 1815 the exercise of it was forbidden in Austria. About this time it flourished in Berlin, being introduced into the hospitals by Wolfart, whom the Russian Government had sent to visit Mesmer at Frauenfeld. Lectures were given on the subject at many of the German universities. In 1814-15 the Abbé Faria, who came from India to Paris showed by experiments that no unknown force was necessary for the production of the phenomena; the cause of the sleep, he said, was in the person to be sent to sleep; all was subjective. This is the main principle of modern hypnotism. It has been lost sight of too often, but is again being forced upon the attention of those who are investigating the subject.

From this time we find the belief in animal magnetism being displaced by a belief in suggestion. The former doctrine was soon tabooed by the scientists, although it still had a certain hold on the common people in different parts of Europe. When the French magnetizer, La Fontaine, exhibited magnetic experiments in Manchester, Eng., in 1841, Braid, a doc-

tor of that city, investigated the phenomena, and decided that they were not due to animal magnetism, but were subjective. He found that by fixing the eyes upon any object a state of sleep was induced, and this he called *Hypnotism*, being the first to use that word in its present form. He used hypnotism to perform painless surgical operations. Mesmerism had also been used for this purpose, and Braid at first thought the states were similar, but afterwards changed his opinion.

A few years later, Grimes studied the question in the United States, much as Braid had done in England, and the states he produced were designated as electro-biological.

Liébeault, who later in life lived at Nancy, France, published a book in 1866, and became the real founder of the therapeutics of suggestion. He endeavoured to refute the doctrine of animal magnetism. Charles Richet came forward in Paris in 1875, and tried to popularize hypnotism, which he called "Somnambulisme Provocé." In 1878 Charcot began his public classes, and in 1881 Paul Richet published his book on "La Grande Hystérie."

After 1884 there were two schools of investigators in France, the followers of Charcot and the Nancy School. Liébeault, to whom reference has been made, was the father of the Nancy School. Prof. Bernheim, of that place, who had studied with him, published, in 1884, "De la Suggestion, etc." He gave in it examples of the curative effects of hypnotism, the phenomena of which, he states, are entirely of a psychical nature, whereas, the followers of Charcot leaned toward a physical explanation. At the celebrated congress in Paris, in 1889, where nearly all the civilized nations were represented, a clearing-up of opinions was attained, the views of the Nancy School receiving the most approbation.

Liébeault's process so induce hypnotism was to raise an image of the hypnotic state in the subject's mind by means of speech. Hypnosis may also be induced by recollection of earlier hypnoses. In rare cases, we have autohypnosis where the will allows the idea of hypnosis to become so powerful that hypnosis is produced by the subject himself. These are mental processes.

Opposed to these are the physical pro-

cesses. Braid accomplished hypnosis by having the subject concentrate his attention on an arbitrary point. Instead of an object, the operator may use his finger or his eye. Just the same effect may be produced by hearing, e.g., the ticking of a watch. Charcot used the loud noise of a gong or other sudden, strong stimuli. The same effect can also be produced through the sense of touch, e.g., by a gentle stroking of the skin.

The old mesmerists believed in will-power on the part of the operator. The hypnotists acknowledge the operator's power, but assert that the subject must be willing to obey suggestions made, as a prerequisite to full hypnosis by either the mental or physical processes mentioned above. On this point, Dr. Parkyn, writing in the *Hypnotic Magazine* (Sept.), says: "It is absolutely necessary that the patient shall co-operate with the hypnotist to achieve a beneficial result. . . . The fundamental principle of the whole system of mental therapeutics is, that if there is no obedience to the suggestion, there can be no relief for the patient. It is a beautifully simple law, but it works without any exception. . . . The power that heals your body is a part of yourself; I merely guide and assist, I do not create it."

In the same issue, Dr. Hood explains that man has a double mind; the conscious mind, which, when man is in his normal state, controls his acts, thinks his thoughts, appreciates by means of his five senses all that falls to his lot to acquire; and the subjective or unconscious mind that looks after the automatic functions of the body that carry on life's work while we sleep. He states that the subjective mind is the seat of the emotions, and defines hypnosis as a condition produced by the temporary suspension of the objective mind or the will. The subjective or unconscious mind acts upon suggestion alone. "Our lives are but reflections of the suggestions about us."

DANGERS OF HYPNOTISM.

When a hypnotizer or hypnotist will use the knowledge and power which he possesses to serve ends other than the benefitting of his fellow-man, dangers to society and to individuals arise. These can be met only by watchful and intelligent care on the part of the public.

Recently, there appeared in the columns of the *Toronto Globe* an advertisement which indicated a want for a young governess. A charming young Toronto girl wrote in answer to the advertisement and in reply received a visit from a well-dressed gentleman, who said that he expected his wife and family from Chicago very soon. He then proceeded to ask a few questions, and she found that she was being hypnotized by his strange, light, compelling eyes. With an effort, she resisted the strange influence he seemed to exercise over her, and said:

"You don't want a governess."

The man made a hurried exit, baffled. The police were informed, but, according to *The Globe*, no action was taken, nor was anything further heard concerning the criminal.

While this is an example of the possible dangers of hypnotic suggestion, there is another danger which must be considered. A subject who is once hypnotized is very easily brought under the influence again. After a dozen submissions, the subject is likely to be very tractable to any strong personal influence brought to bear upon him or her. His own individuality is likely to be weakened to such a degree that he may not be able to occupy, with his former success, the important and responsible position in life to which he has been called. No person should submit himself to hypnotic suggestion unless some valuable result, which is extremely desirable, may be best obtained in that manner.

THE POPULIST PARTY.

It may safely be asserted that at no period in the world's history was there such an independence of thought exhibited, as is to be found among all classes of the present day. The wage-earner, especially in America, is learning to think and act for himself. He is now less bound by the opinions of his employer, and less influenced by the position which he occupies. The trade-unions have, by their influence, their debates and their trade publications, taught him to examine the vital questions of the day from the standpoint of reason.

The voter of the present day is learning to mark his ballot according to his own convictions—not those of another. The

newspapers of the day are cheap enough to be within his reach, and from them he learns the why and the wherefore of all political movements. He may still cling to party, still be amenable to the "organizer" or "boss", still be influenced by the oratory of demagogues, but he has "views" more or less strong.

The same independence of thought is seen in relation to economic, social, religious and scientific theories, policies and beliefs. It may not be an age of revolution, but it is certainly an age of rapid evolution.

To this independence of thought must be ascribed the present power of the Populist Party in the United States; a party which, at the general elections in 1894, cast close to a million and a half of votes. Between 1892 and 1894 it showed a remarkable growth. In California there was a gain of 25,000; in Illinois, 27,000; in Iowa, 12,000; in Michigan, 16,000; in Minnesota, 46,000; in North Carolina, 35,000; in Ohio, 38,000; in Montana, 8,000; and in Nebraska, 14,000.

Since the death of Leonidas L. Polk, the strategic head of this party has been Senator Marion Butler, of North Carolina. He claims that his party has a more energetic, earnest and effective organization than either of the other two parties. Every man who has joined the Populist Party has had a reason for doing so, "and a reason strong enough to make him brave the odium and distrust which always attaches to a bolter." The Populists may never become the strongest party in the United States, but they are certainly the embodiment in that country of the new independence which marks the thought of the present day. They represent this independence politically, though perhaps imperfectly.

It will be exceedingly interesting to note their influence in the election which will take place in a day or two. They have "fused" with the Free Silver Democrats, and this fusion party will sweep the West. In California, Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, North Carolina, Oregon, Utah and Wisconsin, the "fusion" ticket should win, as in these States the Democrats and Populists have arranged matters so that each party will assist the other. For example, in California nine

electors are to be chosen, and the Democrats have arranged to elect five and the Populists four, each party voting for the other's candidates. There are certain other States in which fusion has been arranged, but in which success is more doubtful. These are Connecticut, Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, Michigan, Minnesota, New Jersey, North Dakota, Ohio, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Washington, West Virginia, and Wyoming.

The total number of States in which fusion has been arranged is twenty-seven at least. In Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Kentucky and Louisiana, the Gold-Democratic ticket (Palmer and Buckner) will probably draw off enough support to prevent the success of the fusion ticket. The centre of the Presidential election thus lies in the States of the middle west. If the Democrat Bryan can hold Illinois and win Indiana, his success would be almost certain.

The result of the election which will be most important—for whichever party wins free trade and free silver are impossibilities—will be the ascertaining of the influence of the independent element at present represented by the Populist Party. Each of the three older parties is so dominated and permeated with "boss" and "machine" rule, that democracy rule by the people, of the people and for the people, has become a farce. The average Democrat or the average Republican has practically no voice in the moulding of his party's policy nor in the selection of his party's leaders. This power rests in the hands of the professional politicians. Hear the cry of a writer in *The Conservator*, Philadelphia: "A thousand politicians and professors have elected themselves over me, over you, over the democracy, as guardians. Those whom they cannot convince, they threaten. I thank them for their solicitude. I despise their threats. Welcome, Oh, redeeming Heresy!"

JULES SIMON.

As Jules Simon, the famous French author, scholar and statesman, lay dying, and after he had lost the power of speech,

he wrote his own epitaph: "Jules Simon, 1814-1896. Dieu, Patrie, Liberté." These three words summed up the motives which had ruled his life, for he is one of the few men of whom it may be said that the world was made better by his having spent a few years upon it. As the *Empress of Germany* said to him in 1890: "Eh bien, Monsieur Jules Simon, voici le monde qui a mis sa signature au bas de L'ouvrière."—(The world has counter-signed your book, L'ouvrière).

When a man has spent many years in an active public life, he is apt to view the world in a pessimistic way. Not long ago, talking with a learned and cultured Britisher who had seen much of the world's movements during the past sixty years, I was struck with the pessimistic view he took of human progress. He declared that the world in which he was born was much more picturesque, much more noble than the one in which he was then living.

It was not thus that Browning viewed the world when he wrote:

"My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth every stretched:

That, after Last, returns the First,
Though a wide compass round be fetched.

That what began best, can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst."

"Apparent Failure."

From what Baron de Coubertin says of Jules Simon in the *October Review of Reviews*, he, like the great Australian leader, Sir Henry Parks, never failed to understand that the world continues to be as interesting to day as it was yesterday. "He never gave up fighting for what he considered good and true. Truth was his goddess, and he should not have deemed life worth living had he not been led to hope that men might finally induce her to fix her residence among them."

Jules Simon was Minister of Public Instructions from 1870 to 1876, and then became Prime Minister under President Marshal de MacMahon, but was dismissed because he believed that Church and State should be separate. The rest of his life he devoted to aiding and directing social reform, and French workmen owe much to his indefatigable efforts in their behalf.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

THOSE who love dainty little volumes will be pleased with the Prismatic Library.* Last month one of this series, "Soap Bubbles," by Max Nordau, was noticed. Among previous issues were "Trumpeter Fred" by Capt. Charles King, and "Father Stafford" by Anthony Hope. This month there are two additions, "Bijou's Courtships," translated from the French of "Gyp," author of "Chiffon's Marriage," "Those Good Normans," etc., and "A Conspiracy of the Carbonari," translated from the German of Louise Mühlbach, author of "Frederick the Great, and His Family." This "Conspiracy" is a most interesting tale of an attempt to assassinate Napoleon, just after his first defeat, which was inflicted by the Archduke Charles of Austria at Aspern, and about the time of Wagram. The story is founded on historical facts, and is thus all the more interesting on that account. The translation is fairly well done by Mary J. Safford.

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When anyone in Canada mentions annexation to the United States as a possible future of Canada, he is immediately denominated "traitor." The United States itself seems to have its "traitors," judging from a poem just issued by R. S. Walter. It is entitled "A Ride for Life at Gettysburg,"† and is a combination of sentiment and rhyming historical narrative. In one of the explanatory notes the author declares that the South is now "envying the British Dominions generally—especially Canada, *wise* Canada."

**

Two little pamphlets of poetry come to THE CANADIAN from Halifax. The poems are by S. J. MacKnight, and when one has read them, the thought of how much harm the printing press has done rises

again for consideration; yet only about one-tenth of what is printed is preserved—this is a consolation.

**

Charles G. D. Roberts' new book, "Around the Camp-Fire," is better than the average book of fiction which comes from a Canadian pen.* Mr. Roberts writes pure English in a most graceful way. His style is simple and straightforward, yet has sufficient daintiness about it to be pleasing. He excels in description, especially of the scenery and the life of Eastern Canada, the locality in which he has spent his life. He is provincial, however, in that he seldom compares. Further, he is photographic in both his prose and his poetry, and one seldom, while following his guiding, feels the touch of the philosopher's hand.

A party of canoeists, according to this tale, takes holidays in the northern part of New Brunswick—an ideal locality in which to hunt and to fish. Its experiences, which are not numerous, are here chronicled. The remainder of the book is taken up with the stories told "around the camp-fire." These little tales are good, most of them are Canadian, and nearly all are entertaining. They show that Prof Roberts is a close student of nature—of nature's landscapes, nature's decorations and nature's animal life. As a book for boys and youths, this volume may be very highly commended for its brightness and its wholesomeness. Perhaps this is all that the author aimed at. It is not a novel of adventure, with a complicated plot and a tragic and single climax. As a glimpse of life where men may get "sunburned skins, alarming appetites, and renovated digestions," it is splendid. The illustrations are numerous and better than I have ever before seen in a Cana-

* New York: F. Tennyson Neely. Toronto: The Toronto News Co.

† "A Ride for Life at Gettysburg," by R. S. Walter. New York: De La Mare Ptg. and Pub. Co. Paper.

* "Around the Camp-Fire," by Chan. G. D. Roberts M.A., F.R.S.C. Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, illustrated, 349 pp.

dian book. The publishers are to be congratulated on its *tout ensemble*.

**

Another book for boys is "Walter Gibbs, The Young Boss, and Other Stories," by Edward William Thomson,* author of "Old Man Savarin." There are seven interesting, well-illustrated stories in this valuable volume, and every boy that reads them—yes, the large boys, too—will be interested and benefited,—the two most important results which are to be looked for from boys' books. Walter Gibbs is a model young boss—capable, energetic, upright. He entered upon the heavy task of carrying out a contract of engineering which his father had undertaken and had been prevented by an accident from performing. The troubles in managing seventy navvies in a backwoods spot in Canada were numerous and trying, but Walter's clear young head and his honest heart led him safely through.

By these stories Mr. Thomson evidently intends to teach his boy readers honesty and righteousness. This teaching is well concealed, however, under conduct which is idealized for its own sake in that it follows honest lines of policy. While the characters are "goody-goody," this quality is concealed by their naturalness, their every-dayness, their humanness.

The stories are Canadian and depict certain phases of our national life with a clearness and an accuracy for which this author has already acquired a valuable reputation. His characters are those who may be met with any day, but are endowed by the author's treatment with a halo of romance which delights the heart of the lover of adventure, of exploit and of the unusual—and what youth is there who does not enjoy an adventure of any kind? Mr. Thompson is pre-eminently a story teller, perhaps the best Canada has ever produced—certainly one of the best.

**

Another book by a Canadian is also to be considered. This is not a boy's book, but a first-class glimpse of the life which men and women live † Robert Barr was not born in Canada, but he came here in

early life. He grew up in this country, and while here he made his first literary success. He taught school in this country for a time, and while head-master of one of our large institutions of education he spent a summer vacation in making a trip around Lake Erie in a row-boat eighteen feet long. His amusing adventures were published, under the heading "A Dangerous Journey," in the *Detroit Free Press*. His success was made and he became a regular contributor to that paper, and in 1881 went to England to publish the weekly *Detroit Free Press* in London. Since then he has written "A Woman Intervenes," "In the Midst of Alarms," "The Face and the Mask," "From Whose Bourne," and the two stories which appear in the volume now under consideration.

"One Day's Courtship" is an amusing tale of two artists, male and female, who went in the same canoe to visit Shawenegan Falls, in the Province of Quebec. The great English artist Trenton was afraid of ladies, and Miss Eva Sommerton, not knowing who her companion was, desired to view the Falls without interference, friendly or otherwise. Hence these two persons went up in their mutual friend's canoe, unintroduced and not desirous of a mutual acquaintanceship. This is the beginning of a really humorous and dramatic little story, told with force and grace.

**

Local histories and special histories are the side-lights on the national life of the period to which they are referable, and as such are exceedingly valuable and decidedly interesting. It is upon this basis we must estimate the value of Mr. Champion's "History of the Royal Grenadiers,"* just published in Toronto.

On March 14th, 1862, just after "the Trent affair," seven Volunteer Militia Rifle Companies were gazetted into a battalion to be known as "The 10th Battalion Volunteer Rifles, Canada." The first Lieutenant-Colonel was Frederick William Cumberland, who had previously been captain in the 3rd Battalion, and who had been instrumental in the formation of this new body of volunteers. On July 6th, 1863, the battalion paraded for

* Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, illustrated, 361 pp.
† "One Day's Courtship and the Herals of Fame," by Robert Barr. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. Toronto: The Bain Book and Stationery Co.

* "History of the 10th Royals and of the Royal Grenadiers," by Thomas Edward Champion. Toronto: The Hunter, Rose Co.



GEORGE DU MAURIER.

the first time in their full dress uniform, and had presented to it by the ladies of Toronto a stand of colours and a set of instruments for its band. Dr. McCaul, then President of the University of Toronto, consecrated the colours and delivered an address. Among other things he said that when they (the members of the battalion) looked at the Queen's colour they would remember their duty to the Empire of which they formed a part, and when they looked at the regimental colour they would remember that they might be called upon to defend their happy homes, their wives, daughters, mothers and sisters.

After an explanation of the organization of the battalion, the work goes on to show its connection with the Fenian Raid and the North-West Rebellion, and contains a great deal of interesting information concerning these the only warlike events in the history of Canada since the Rebellion of 1837-8. In this way the book is made exceedingly interesting to the general reader, as well as supremely valuable to all those who have been connected with this well-known body of militia. The author has shown considerable ability in combining bald facts and interesting history in such a way as to produce a readable book.

The book is well illustrated and handsomely bound. The only criticism that could possibly be offered is that the pages might have been larger, so as to give more margin around the letter press and the well-executed illustrations. The cuts of the North-West Medal, and of the Fitch

Memorial Tablet, used in this issue, are from Mr. Champion's book.

**

People do not seem to tire of delineations of Scotch character. "Tyne Folk," by Joseph Parker,* is a brightly-written volume of Scotch tales, with not too much of the dialect to spoil them for the reader who has not been so fortunate as to learn the "vernacular" in his youth. The book is exceedingly original in its manner of portraying the people who live along the Tyne. The tales are, perhaps, brighter and contain more action than some of Barrie's and Maclaren's stories, resembling Crockett's in this particular. They, however, lack the touching pathos which Ian Maclaren threw into "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," although the author cannot be accused of being incapable of deep feeling in his work, or of being unable to arouse it in his reader. He is not quite so powerful as Maclaren, however, although perhaps almost equal to Barrie.



WILLIAM MORRIS.

Any person who reads this little volume will welcome a further instalment from the pen of Joseph Parker.

**

When people look at a boy of any age varying from seven to twelve, only those who recognize the reality of the drama of

* "Tyne Folk," by Joseph Parker. New York, Chicago, and Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Cloth, 75 cents.

life can say, as J. M. Barrie makes the dominie say of Sentimental Tommy: "I would gie a pound note to know what you'll be ten years from now." It is the boy who makes the man, and in the study of boy life one may best discover the influences which are moulding the ever-changing nature of man.

Charles Dickens told us all about *Oliver Twist*; Crockett has given us *Cleg Kelly*, and now Barrie has given us *Sentimental Tommy*,† a Thrums boy in the city of London, and afterwards back on his native heath. Tommy is delineated in Mr. Barrie's leisurely manner, with his unconventionality of romance, his graceful style, his telling descriptions, and his unequalled flashing of humour and pathos. The story is very taking, and must increase the author's circle of admirers.

The whole book is full of bright passages. For example, speaking of the boy Tommy, he says:

"At times his mind would wander backwards unbidden to those distant days, and then he saw flitting dimly through them the elusive form of a child. He knew it was himself and for moments he could see it clearly; but when he moved a step nearer, it was not there. So does the child who once played hide and seek with us among the mists of infancy, until one day he trips and falls into the daylight. Then we seize him, and with that touch we two are one. It is the birth of self-consciousness."

Side by side with this philosophy of child-life comes the philosophy of child-death:

"You mothers who have lost your babies, I should be a sorry knave were I to ask you to cry now over the death of another woman's child. Reddy had been lent to two people for a very little while, just as your babies were, and when the time was up she blew a kiss to them and ran gleefully back to God, just as your babies did. The gates of heaven are so easily found when we are little, and they are always standing open to let children wander in."

**

Pittendure is a little fishing village in the north of Scotland—"a lonely little spot, shut in by sea and land, and yet life is there in all its passionate variety—love and hate, jealousy and avarice; youth, with its ideal sorrows and infinite

expectations; age, with its memories and regrets, and 'sure and certain hope.'" In this village the hero of *Amelia E. Barr's* latest work, "*A Knight of the Nets*,"† lives for our pleasure and benefit. It is a charming tale, not deep, but true, and fresh, and wholesome.

**

As a writer of historical tales for boys, G. A. Henty needs no introduction to Canadian readers. The number of books he has produced is wonderful, and each one shows that he has mastered the event with which it deals with all its detail of historical circumstances. He has four new books* ready for the holiday trade, and many a Christmas dollar will be invested in copies of each. "*On the Irrawaddy*" deals with Britain's first expedition to Burmah, and the adventures of an English youth in that country where so many brave soldiers of Her Majesty laid down their lives, not before the prowess of the Burmese, but before the onslaughts of the terrible swamp fever. "*At Agincourt*" is really a romantic slice of French history at the time when the long and bloody feud between the houses of Orleans and Burgundy made disunited France an easy prey to the prowess of the English bowmen and men-at arms. The book ends with a graphic description of the battle of Agincourt, when 9,000 English defeated at least 100,000 French. "*With Cochrane the Dauntless*" is a rambling tale of the exploits of Lord Cochrane in South American waters; the book lacks a great event to give zest to its reading. "*The Young Colonists*" is a tale of the Zulu and Boer wars, and is specially opportune in the year 1896. Each volume is beautifully bound and contains from six to twelve full-page illustrations of exceptional merit—and the boys should be trained to admire good pictures as much as good books.

Henty's charm and merit lie in the fact that his books first interest and then instruct. He makes the path of knowledge smooth and inviting to the feet of the young pursuer. While he is not didactic in his method, his books are

† "*A Knight of the Nets*," by Amelia E. Barr. Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth; 314 pp.

* "*With Cochrane the Dauntless*" (\$1.75), "*At Agincourt*" (\$1.75), "*On the Irrawaddy*" (\$1.50), "*The Young Colonists*"—four books by G. A. Henty. London: Blackie & Son. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

† "*Sentimental Tommy*," by J. M. Barrie. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, illustrated, 478 pp.

wholesome and his sentiment above reproach. The young Canadian, moreover, cannot be too much steeped in the knowledge of the prowess and achievements of the British race, of which he has been born a member.

**

"Into the Highways and Hedges," published little more than a year ago, was an American lady's first book. "False Coin or True?" is Miss Montrésor's third book,* and undoubtedly the most polished and most artistic. Linda, the heroine, was born in a workhouse, became a "general" maid-of-all-work, and the medium of a noted mesmerist. It is this mesmerist whose character is held up to view, and the question asked: False coin or true? The author holds the reader's sympathy for this unscrupulous heathen, Monsieur Morèze, a man who is vindictive, ambitious, self-seeking and calculating. At first he is repulsive, but finally one is led to tolerate, and then pity him. At the end he is almost noble. Linda develops under his kindness, is transformed by his guardianship.

The whole drama is in a high key, and the acting and the execution is admirable. The reader must, however, as in the case of Harold Frederic's "Damnation of Theron Ware," recognize that the object of the author is but to analyze character, and to reveal even objectionable or ostracized personages in a light which the ordinary observer of passing humanity may fail to get, or getting fail to understand. It is strange, but true, that we all believe that our view of our fellows is correct; yet no two of us view them in the same way. To one the picture is dark, to another grey, to another almost white. If then we would attain to correctness in our conception of our fellow humans, we must look at them not only from our own standpoint, but from the standpoints of those others who are practised viewers and critics. In this way we will find our ideas broadened and our understanding deepened. These "novels of character" require a higher order of imagination than the common-place love story.

**

Du Maurier has gone away just in the height of his popularity. Perhaps it is

best that he should have left us before we had found a new idol to worship, for we are fickle. His drawings have delighted many thousands many times. "Peter Ibbertson" brought him many friends; "Trilby" gave him a furious reputation. "The Martian," which has just begun in *Harper's*, promises to be exceedingly rich. But at the age of sixty-two he has left us, and we would like to have kept him a little longer. As a British artist he was, perhaps, the greatest in his branch; as a British novelist he had a reputation which



IAN MACLAREN.

had extended to the remotest corners of the globe where the English language is spoken and read.

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"With My Neighbors," by Margaret E. Sangster,* is a collection of sketches which that writer has contributed to various periodicals, at various times. They are intended to be read by women, and deal with subjects which are supposed to be of particular interest to the gentler sex. The author herself describes them as "these bits of talk on homely themes." Some of the titles are: Tuckered Out, Mother Brooding, Stepmothers, Sunday Reading, The Toilet of the Soul, The New Woman, Love in Domestic Life, Our Girl as a Woman of Business, Politeness, An

* "False Coin or True?" by F. F. Montrésor. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cloth, 296 pp. \$1.25.

* "With My Neighbors," by Margaret E. Sangster. New York: Harper & Bros. Cloth, \$1.25.

Attractive Manner. The author has a graceful style, and a charming way of giving advice. Her criticisms are always kindly, and any girl or woman reading them carefully and thoughtfully must be materially benefited. The book is exquisitely bound.

The *London Academy* says: "Maurus Jokai is one of the great writers of the world, worthy of taking rank with Fielding, Scott, Dickens and Thackeray. . . . Jokai is not only a man of letters, but of parts." The writer is the most conspicuous figure in Hungary's world of letters, and is also known as an able statesman, financier and journalist. His book, "Black Diamonds,"* deals with the life in and about a coal-mine, whose engineer and owner marries one of the girls employed in it. It is full of action, and depicts commercial life in a most practical manner.

In Bell's Colonial Library, two other books may be mentioned, "The Crime of the Century," by Rodriguez Ottolengui, author of "An Artist in Crime" etc., is a tale in which a foundling becomes an heiress to \$5,000,000 and a society lady. This author seems to be a specialist in criminal character. "Rita," an English author of some note, has had published a volume of short stories which is entitled "Vignettes." The tales have their scenes laid in England, and most of them are decidedly original and extremely interesting.

It is rather difficult to believe that the author of "The Damnation of Theron Ware" and "March Hares," are one and the same individual. Yet so the title-page says. The latter† is a *dilettante* sort of story about two people who met each other under circumstances which were peculiar, and rendered more peculiar by their continuance. The plot is very weak, but there is a charm about the style which partially makes up for the paucity of important incidents. In many cases the dialogue is exceedingly bright, though never brilliant. If the reader

does not take it up with too great expectations, he may enjoy the perusal of it. The volume is printed on antique paper and appropriately bound.

A tireless writer is Mrs. Burnett-Smith (Annie S. Swan), and it is an evidence of her undoubted capacity and infinite resource that this lady can write so much, and still hold her huge constituency of readers. Only recently her "Memories of Margaret Grainger, School Mistress," made its appearance in William Briggs' Canadian Copyright Edition, and now the same publisher announces for issue in November still another story, "A Stormy Voyager." There is much that is stronger and better in current literature than the "Swan books," but they are bright and wholesome, and have in them no small element of that which we call "charm," and so are universally popular with the libraries.

William Briggs has in the press a volume of the "Reminiscences" of Mr. Charles Durand, the well-known Toronto barrister. As Mr. Durand is the possessor of an unusually retentive memory, and can remember back as far as the war of 1812: and as he has since the later twenties taken an active part in public affairs, he will, doubtless, have much to record that will make interesting reading. The pity is that more of the pioneers do not leave their reminiscences in print before they pass away to carry these treasures to the grave with them.

A volume of poems of more than ordinary merit, and which is likely to attract more than the usual attention given these (of late) rather frequent claimants for popular favour, is in course of publication by William Briggs. The author of the collection—which, by the way, is to be entitled "Dreams and Diversions"—is Mr. Lyman C. Smith, Principal of the Oshawa High School. Little of Mr. Smith's work has heretofore appeared in print, a native modesty—not always the accompaniment of genius—having led him to confine their reading to a few select friends. Now, at length, yielding to the urging of these friends, he has ventured upon this volume.

* "Black Diamonds," by Maurus Jokai. Bell's Indian and Colonial Library: Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co.

† "March Hares," by Harold Frederic. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cloth, 281 p.



FROM A PAINTING.

FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

THE BABY'S FIRST CHRISTMAS.